

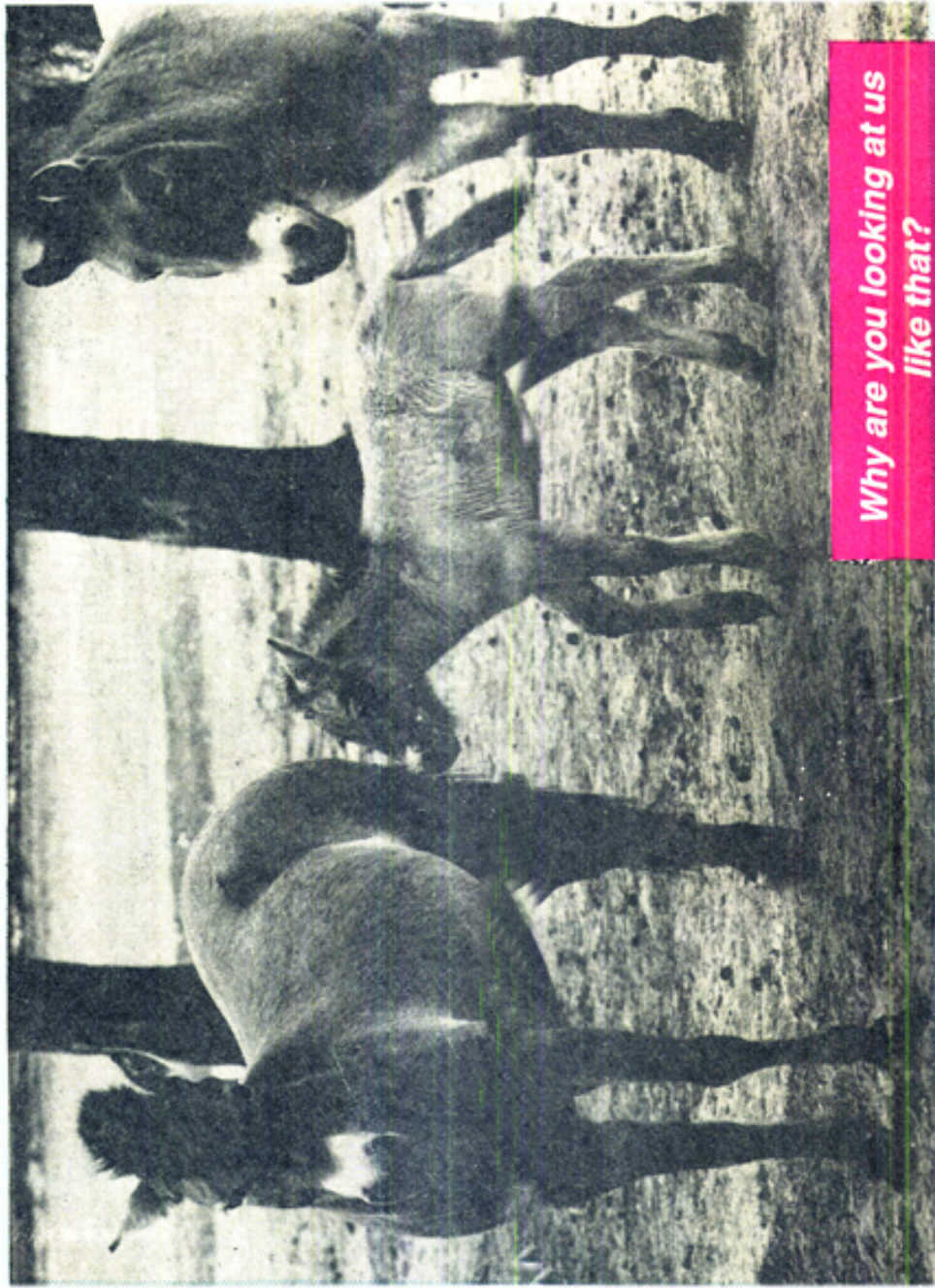
GOKULAM

February 1993

Rs. 3.00



*Why are you looking at us
like that?*





GOKULAM

Of all created things, the
loveliest

And most divine are
children.

— William Canton.

Vol. V, No. 8

February 1993

Dear children,

This happened sometime in mid-December.

"Hurrah!" shouted my grandson. "No school for the next four days."

"But that's not something to feel happy about," I told him. "Schools are closed because the government fears there may be communal riots. They don't want children to get hurt."

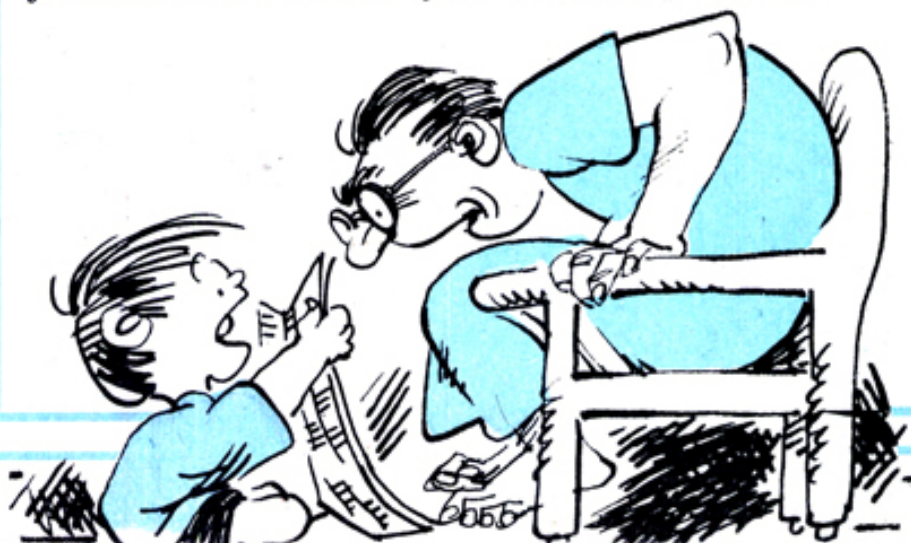
"Oh!" said Krishna. "But grandpa! Why should there be communal riots?"

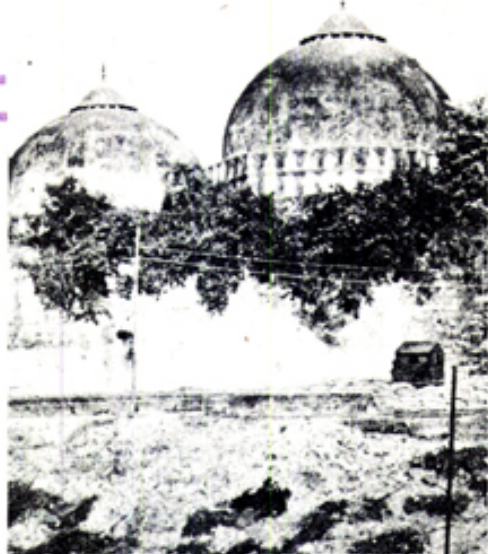
"Because the Babri Masjid in Ayodhya was knocked down to rubble. Tension has built up between the Hindus and Muslims."

"But why was the masjid knocked down?" Krishna wanted to know.

"Some people feel," I explained. "That there once had been a temple at that site. They think that it was destroyed during Babar's days, and that a mosque was built in its place."

"But that was a long time back, grandpa. Why can't we just leave that to the history books and live peacefully?"





"How I wish all those who destroyed the mosque thought like you," I said with a sigh.

"We have been told that, like Christ, Gandhiji too didn't believe in an eye for an eye. He kept on saying that two wrongs don't make a right."

"Very true," I agreed. "But the trouble is some people prefer to leave Gandhiji and his teachings to history books. But they would rather not do the same to the history of the Babri Masjid."

"I'll miss my friends for four days," said Krishna. "I'll call my best friend Ahmed and tell him how I feel."

"Do that," I said, with an appreciative pat on his back.

I think many Gokulam readers think the same way as Krishna does. Am I right?

Love,

Editor



What they said...



●● "For the first time I have been forced to think of myself as a Muslim rather than as a person."

Sohaila Abdulali, a writer.

●● "I love my country. I will do anything for it."

Harshad Mehta, after he came out from jail.

●● "There were a lot of Hindus who wanted a temple built to Ram, but they didn't want to see that mosque torn down to make room for it."

Congress party leader Kishore Deo.

●● "Special note to all press from the highest authority : don't touch the cat again."

Bill Clinton, before he was sworn in as president, to photographers who tried to lure his cat called Socks into camera range.

●● "We want to ask the American troops to take all of the city."

A religious leader in Mogadishu, the Somali capital, asking for protection from armed thieves and robbers.

●● "I have the responsibility to undo whatever has been done. There is no question of my resigning."

P.V. Narasimha Rao early in January.

●● "We only did what has been prescribed by Islam."

Shenaz Khan who helped save her Hindu neighbours in the riots after the Babri Masjid was pulled down.

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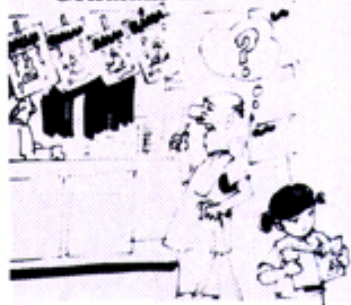
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 NATANAM

Dear Editor,

❖ One day, I told my grandfather to buy 'Chandamama' or 'Champak' from the book-shop. But he forgot the names and bought 'Gokulam' instead.



From that day, I became a regular reader of your magazine.

Nidhi B. Vijay,
aged 13,
F.A.P. School,
Bangalore.

Dear Editor,

❖ I have watched both present day movies and old ones. I notice some of them have a weird sense of humour. The 'humourous' characters stammer, or have some other physical defect. They present that character as a person whose antics are foolish, and thus funny!

The same thing happens in school too. If a child stammers, the others just laugh and jeer. I don't find this 'funny' at all. When will people wake up to a basic sense of humaneness?

M. Chaarulatha,
aged 11,
Madras
- 600 041.



Dear Editor,

❖ In the December issue you had announced that entry to the *Penpals' Pages* was closed. But in the January issue, I found the pages published again. Can you tell me why?

Sunil Megharaj,
M.C.C. School,
Shahabad.

As we had said before, the entry to the Penpals' Pages has been closed. That means, you cannot send your name and other details to be published in these pages anymore. We will continue to publish these pages as long as our already existing waiting list is cleared.

Ed.

Dear Editor,

❖ I had a pen-friend from Gujarat called Lavanya G. But I lost her address. Will you help me get in touch with her?

P.A. Rajalakshmi,
Calicut.

If you are reading this, Lavanya, do get in touch with Rajalakshmi.

Ed.

Dear Editor,

❖ I too have a problem similar to Arvind's (October issue). I finish reading *Gokulam* in 1½ hours. We have a circulating library in our area, but I have finished reading all the books meant for children my age. I complete my homework in no time at all, and I have read my own books many times over. I sit idle for hours together. Can you suggest a solution to my problem?

Tom Wilcox, aged 12,
Secunderabad - 500 010.

Yours is not a problem at all, Tom. You are really lucky to have time to yourself, that too, after finishing all

your daily home-work, etc. Put it to good use - develop some interesting hobbies. Look around you - there must be so many things to be done. How about helping your mother around the house?
Ed.

Dear Editor,

◆ I agree with Tripti R. Gulvani (December issue), when she disagrees with Sunil S. Variar (September issue). I too feel that publishing childish poems are not a waste of pages. I think young children are encouraged when they see their articles published in the pages of your magazine.

V.P. Praveen Prabhu, aged 12,
Mangalore - 575 001.

Dear Editor,

◆ Once, I took 'Gokulam' to school. During a free period, was bored, and I

opened my bag to read it.

I found the magazine missing!

Finally, what do you think I found? All my friends

had taken the magazine, and read it!

Krishna Priya, aged 13,
Mysore - 24.



Dear Editor,

◆ There was a mistake in the article 'Landmarks in India' in the January issue. It was said that the *Amar Javan Jyothi* is the main attraction at the *Gateway of India* (Page 70). But the *Amar Javan Jyothi* is at the *India Gate*, Delhi, and not at the *Gateway of India*, Bombay.



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The Gateway of India was built in commemoration of the arrival of Edward, Prince of Wales at Bombay.

**Rashmi Prakash, Std. VIII,
Gokuldharm High School,
Bombay.**

We must have got confused by the many gates, Rashmi! Sorry! Please make that correction in your issues, readers.
Ed.

Dear Editor,

◆ We parents too, do enjoy reading 'Gokulam'. It would be very helpful if you allot a few pages for us to read! You could make it a question

and answer page, with eminent professionals answering questions to which we would like answers.

**Mrs. and Mr. Argekar,
Thane (W) - 400 601.**

Dear Editor,

◆ I am a new reader of Gokulam and I am really sad that you have

Customer : Waiter! There's a fly in my soup!

Waiter : You'll have to take it out yourself, sir. I can't swim!

**Vivek Mishra,
Bangalore - 560 093.**



stopped accepting entries to the *Penpals' Pages*. I too wanted to send in my name for it....

**Srividya Y., aged 13,
Bangalore - 85.**

Snippets from our readers :

◆ Can you publish some information about countries in Asia like Japan, Indonesia, the Phillipines, etc.?

**Amoolya K.,
Bangalore - 560 085.**

◆ The finish to the serial *The 13th Window* was really exciting. I liked the article on Yercard too, as I had been there for the holidays.

**N. Gayathri, aged 14,
Bangalore - 20.**

◆ The serial, *The 13th Window* was really thrilling. I am eagerly waiting for a new serial to begin again. Will my wish be fulfilled?

**Sureka K., aged 9,
Trichy - 620 014.**

You don't have long to wait, Sureka. A couple of issues later...
Ed.

◆ I like the recipes you publish.

**Shruthi Achutha, aged 11,
Kudremukh - 577 142.**

◆ I liked the story *St. George and the Dragon* published in the December issue.

**B. Ramanathan, Std. VI,
Kendriya Vidyalaya, Madras.**

◆ Please publish more adventurous stories like *The 13th Window*.

**N.S. Girish, aged 13, Mysore,
and I. Sujana Lakshmi,
Bangalore - 560 059.**

Anitha studied in VII-C. She always stood first in her class. She often went about boasting that she was the cleverest and the most intelligent girl in her class.

"Nobody can beat me," she would proudly say.

Two months after the school re-opened, a new girl, Sukanya, joined VII-C. While introducing her to the class, the teacher, Mrs. Jacob said, "Sukanya has always stood first in her previous school."

She looked at Anitha, a mischievous smile on her face.

Sukanya soon made friends with everybody. She was a helpful and good natured girl. She never refused her classmates any help.

Anitha saw this and was dismayed.

"Oh dear!" she thought. "Looks like my position is going down."

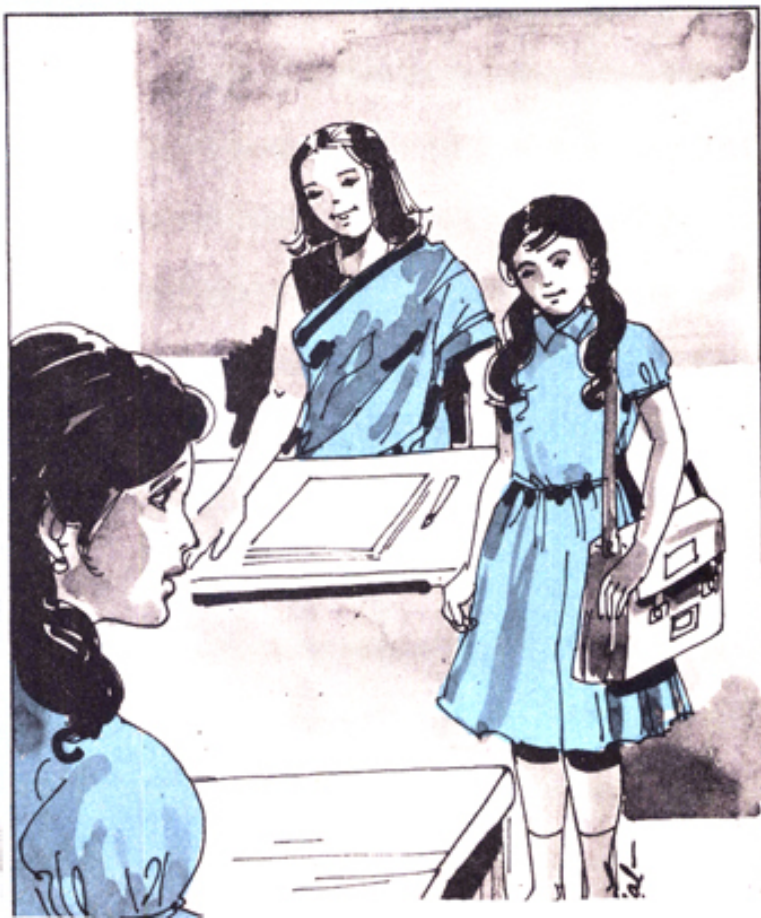
She began to work much harder than before. She no longer wasted time watching television. All her leisure time in school was spent in

FIRST RANK

doing her homework. She excused herself from the class picnic too!

"I am not well," she pleaded, even though she loved travelling.

A few months later, the quarterly exams were over, and



the results were announced. Mrs. Jacob came to class, and smiled on seeing forty pale faces. "The first rank," she announced, "goes to Anitha. Second comes Sukanya."

"Try harder next time," she said, handing over the report card to Sukanya.

The next day, while entering class, Sukanya overheard Anitha say to some of the girls, "She acted as though she was more intelligent than I am. Now see! Who has got the first rank?"

Now it was Sukanya's turn to work hard. But unlike Anitha, she did not study in school. None of her friends knew that she was preparing harder this time. Anitha became over-confident. She did not bother to work so hard.

The half-yearly exams were over and the school re-opened after a month's vacation.

"So! There is somebody to beat Anitha," said Mrs. Jacob giving out report cards. "This term, Sukanya has bagged the first rank. Anitha comes second." Sukanya smiled. Anitha's heart skipped a beat, but she too smiled.

That evening, as Sukanya was coming out of class, Anitha told her with a light-hearted smile, "I had always made fun of you. Now I know how it would have been for you. I am sorry."

"Don't mention it," replied Sukanya. "A little competition is always good. But we'll be friends from now on, shall we?"

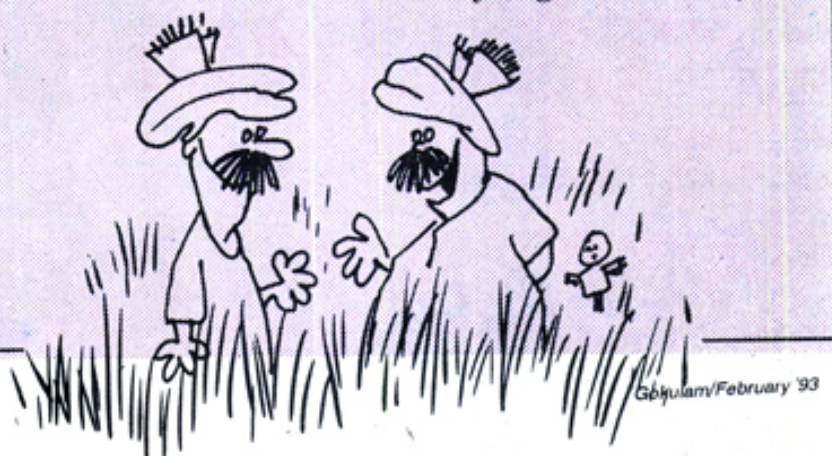
"Of course!" laughed Anitha, relieved that her bad behaviour had been forgiven so easily. "We shall be friends, and we'll compete for the first rank too!"

**K. Beena, aged 12,
Trichy - 620 016.**

First Farmer : My scarecrow is so life-like that he scares all the crows away.

Second Farmer : My scarecrow is so life-like that the frightened crows brought back the grain they stole last year!

Vidya, aged 12, Bombay - 71.





THE RED CROSS

You must have seen a red cross sticker at the back of a car (which means the car belongs to a doctor), or painted more boldly on the sides of an ambulance. Do you know what this sign really means? It means, help in times of disaster, calamity or emergencies.

In war-torn areas all over the world, volunteers work swiftly to distribute medical

AID TO ALL

aid, food, and other necessities to victims. These volunteers belong to an organisation called the Red Cross.

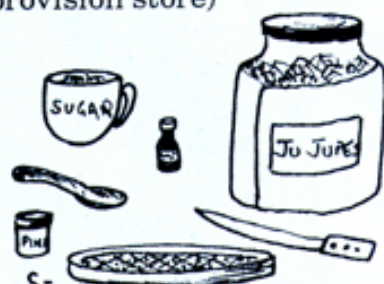
The Red Cross is an international organisation spread all over the world. It helps all people in distress regardless of nationality, race or creed. That's how Red Cross volunteers help war victims in Bosnia (the province in what

RECIPE

JU JUPES

You need:

200gms. sugar
8 tsps. gelatine
1 lemon
2 tsps. vanilla essence
2 glasses water
Pink and green colouring
powders(available in any
provision store)



How to make it:

Dissolve the sugar in water. Place it on the fire and stir till it becomes a smooth syrup. Test the syrup by dropping a small portion into a bowl

of water. The syrup should become a round ball, and not dissolve in the water.

Add the juice of the lemon and the essence.

Mix the gelatine in a bowl of warm water and add it to the above mixture. Beat it till it becomes fluffy. Grease two plates well.

Now divide the syrupy mixture into two portions. Take the pink colour dissolved in two teaspoonfulls of water and beat it into one portion. Do the same to the other portion using green colour.

Pour the two different mixtures into the two greased plates.

When cool, cut into shapes. Roll each ju jupe in sugar and store in an air tight box.

B. Niharika, Bangalore - 8.

Dear Niharika,

You have not given your complete address. Please send it to us. Ed.

was once Yugoslavia), extended support to the Kurd refugees in Iraq and earthquake victims in Armenia.....

The relief — aid provided by the organisation is voluntary. So even the funds they collect are from donations, big and small from the people of the countries from where they operate.

The members of the Red Cross who do voluntary work are not paid either. The

organisation works on the principle that aid goes where it is most needed. Also, it does not believe in extending aid forever. It makes sure, that once the initial help is given, the affected people are guided into self-help.

The Red Cross is now providing aid to the victims of war in the Balkans, and the starving people of Somalia. Doctors, nurses, supplies of medicines, food, clothing, etc., are provided.

How did the Red Cross begin?

The Red Cross is basically a Swiss organisation. In 1863, Jean Henri Dunant brought together a small group of Swiss citizens to provide humanitarian aid.

Dunant saw the Battle of Solferino and was horrified by the number of French and Austrian soldiers hurt and wounded in battle. In 1862, he wrote a book asking governments to set up an international organisation for treatment of

the wounded. The next year, the Red Cross was born.

The idea caught on, and soon, the Red Cross became one of the biggest organisation of its kind in the world. Thus, for more than hundred years, the Red Cross has collected money, medicine, food, old clothes, etc. and sent them to people in need.

Today, over a hundred Red Cross Societies exist all over the world, but the headquarters are in Geneva, Switzerland. The organisation was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize thrice — in 1917, 1944 and 1963. ■

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Did it happen?

"Take care of yourself. Anyway, it's only a matter of three hours."

Hmm.... only three hours. I had to stay alone for three hours while my family went out to see a nice movie. My mother said it was a movie which I could not see. Anyway, I thought I would read a mystery book till they came back. But I did not do as I had planned. Do you know why? Well! Just as my mother

slammed the door behind her, my adventure started.

Actually, you may or may not believe me but I thought I might as well tell somebody about this. As my father's car started, a strange feeling crept into me. I thought my brain was going out of order because I felt as if I was travelling back in time! Suddenly, the feeling stopped. I was in space. You won't believe it, I was walking in space!

It was dark everywhere. But I could see the things around me from the light coming from a big star, which I thought could be the sun. Suddenly, the sun started breaking into pieces. The pieces began scattering in all directions. It was too bright to watch. I turned the other way and covered my face. After all the glare had stopped, I looked up.

Isaw nine ball-shaped heavenly bodies around the sun. I guessed they were the planets. Then suddenly everything began to change. All the planets cooled. At that moment, I saw moss growing on the planet nearest to me. I figured out that planet was the earth, since only the earth has habitation. So I began walking towards it.

When I reached the earth, I saw huge animals. I knew that it really took millions and millions of years



for huge animals like dinosaurs to come into existence. So I guessed that time was flying by. I began to explore the early forms of life on our planet.

There were mountains everywhere. All of a sudden, lava began to shoot up from a mountain and it began flowing towards me. I ran for dear life in the opposite direction. But, luck was not in my favour. From the other direction a few dinosaurs were heading my way. I was terrified. I did not look where I was going. I tripped over a rock and fell into slush. At that moment, I began to feel that strange sensation again.

Before I knew what had happened, I was back home sitting on the sofa. I looked at the clock, it was nine p.m. My parents had left at six p.m. They were supposed to be back by now. Just then the door opened, and in came my parents and sisters.

"Raji, what did you do? How come you got so dirty and muddy? I hope you haven't been upto any of your tricks."

"No, ma," was my solemn reply.



I rushed into my room and changed my clothes.

Later on, as I was eating dinner, I wondered whether my adventure had really happened. If it had, how could I have travelled back in time? On the other hand, if it had not happened how did my clothes get dirty? I had no proper answer and I am still confused. If you think you know what could have happened, just tell me, will you?

**Aishwarya L. Ratan,
Std VI, Cluny Convent
High School,
Bangalore.**

Maneaters

Maneaters prowled around the Jogindernagar region of Himachal Pradesh causing panic. Before you think I am talking about ghosts, or vampires, just read on. The maneating leopards first made their appearance in June 1992. They killed around 15 children and many heads of cattle. Armed forest officials went around the district searching for the leopards. But the maneaters became extra cautious and harder to find.

The leopards went on a killing spree again and killed five more children. The officials were really alarmed this time, and camped in the forests of the area hoping to trap the leopards. They succeeded in killing one, and capturing another with a cub.

But in September, once again, another maneater began to terrorise the area. This leopard carried away three children and mauled one. The state government announced a reward of Rs. 20,000 for killing this animal, but so far, none have succeeded.

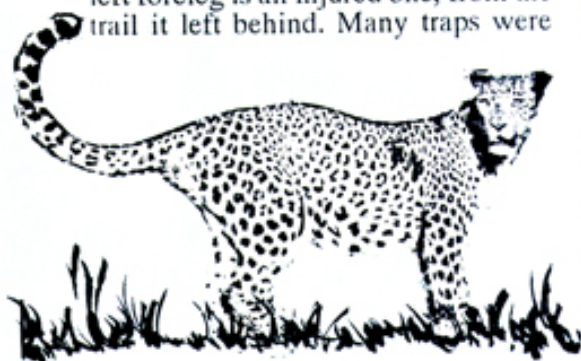
This lone remaining maneater is thought to be injured. Forest officials and huntsmen claim that the animal's left foreleg is an injured one, from the trail it left behind. Many traps were

laid to capture it, but all have failed so far.

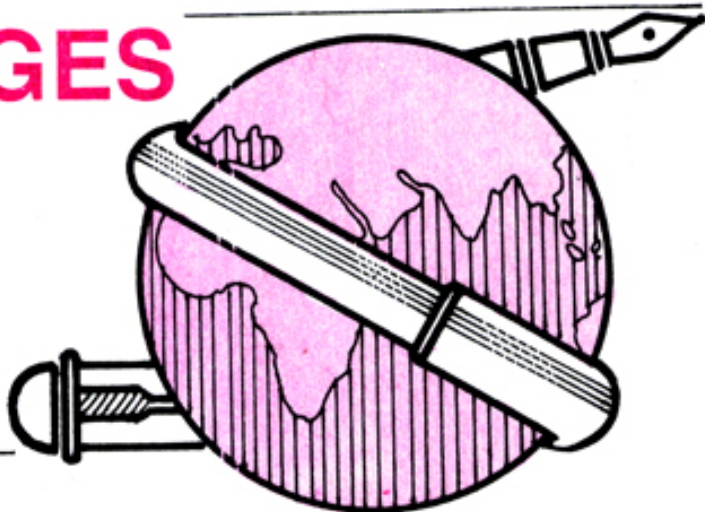
Leopards in this area of Himachal Pradesh have suddenly increased, posing dangers to the inhabitants. The people have appealed to the government to lift the ban on hunting leopards. For during the past three years, many of them have become maneaters.



Fortunately for the ecology of the region and for the leopard community, the government has refused. If the ban was lifted, poachers may use it as an excuse to hunt excessively, and thus destroy the leopard population. ■



PENPALS' PAGES



Please do not send your names to these pages, as it will take many months to clear our already existing, lo-o-o-ng waiting list.

So, if you want a penpal, just choose one from the names given below and write to them.

Name : A. Vanitha

Age : 13 years

Address : 6-A, Agasthiar Street,
Ambasamudram,
Tirunelveli District.

Pin : 627 401.

Hobbies : Reading books, singing and drawing.

Name : Anusha Venkat

Age : 10 years

Address : A-3/401 Chhabhaiya Park,
Kapur Bavdi, Thane (W),
Pin - 400 607.

Maharashtra.

Hobbies : Reading, cycling, singing, watching T.V., collecting stamps, making craft and painting.

Name : S. Mohan

Age : 14 years

Address : No. 11 Kamaraja Nagar,
L.B. Road, Thiruvannamipur,
Madras - 600 041

Hobbies : Collecting foreign stamps, reading, learning karate and swimming.

Name : Sapna G. Krishnan

Age : 10 years

Address : 132, 'Gokul', G.K.W. Layout,
Vijayanagar, Bangalore - 560 040.

Hobbies : Reading books, singing, listening to music, collecting posters and greeting cards, drawing, painting, playing badminton and gardening.

Name : R. Sriram

Age : 8 years

Address : 38 E Sultan Alam Road,
Calcutta - 700 033.

Hobbies : Reading story books, and watching T.V.

Name : Seethalakshmy A.

Age : 14 years

Address : 22/258 Tirunellai Village,
Palakkad - 678 020.

Hobbies : Reading books, writing poems and watching T.V.

Name : D. Prathibha

Age : 3 years

Address : 826, Sector - 37,
Noida, Arun Vihar,
U.P. - 201 303.

Hobbies : Riding my tricycle, listening to carnatic and pop music, playing, and watching T.V.

Name : A. Deepak Anand

Age : 11 years

Address : E1/15, Jal Nidhi, Bangur Nagar, Goregaon (W), Bombay - 400 090.

Hobbies : Playing, reading, watching films and collecting stamps.

Name : Suresh J. Patel

Age : 16 years

Address : Vishwashanti Bldg., Co-operative Housing Society, Shantinagar, Ponda, Goa - 403 401.

Hobbies : Playing cricket and football, collecting pictures of cricketers etc.

Name : V. Satya Prakash

Age : 13 years

Address : No. 544, 7th Main, Vijayanagar, Bangalore - 560 040.

Hobbies : Collecting stamps, reading and playing tennis.

Name : C. Punitha

Age : 14 years

Address : 25, Devanga Pilliyar Koil St., Shevapet, Salem - 636 002.

Hobbies : Collecting stamps, watching movies, listening to Hindi and Tamil songs.

Name : K. Lakshmi

Age : 11 years

Address : 14, Lake Road, Calcutta - 700 029.

Hobbies : Singing, dancing, reading books, cycling, swimming, etc.

Name : Deepak Balasubramanian

Age : 14 years

Address : C-25/9, TNHB Flats, Bagalur Road, Hosur - 635 109. Dharmapuri District.

Hobbies : Collecting stamps, coins, greeting cards, reading and trekking.

Name : Resna P.

Age : 11 years

Address : Anoli House, P.O. Karuvassery, Calicut - 673 010.

Hobbies : Singing, dancing, watching T.V., reading books, etc.

Name : Deepak P.

Age : 5 years

Address : No. 1, B.T.R. Quarters, Mathottam, P.O. Arakinar, Calicut - 673 028.

Hobbies : Playing football, cycling, reading books, singing, etc.

Name : Bharat K. Vasan

Age : 8 years

Address : A-3/402 Chhabhaiya Park, Kapur Bavdi, Thane (W) Pin - 400 607.

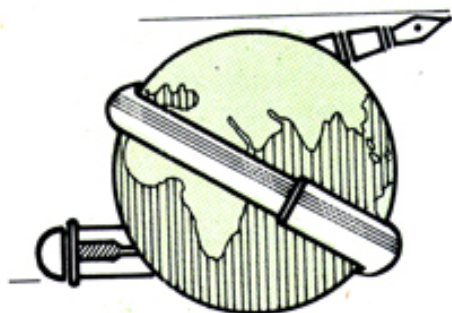
Hobbies : Writing to penpals, cycling, reading books, watching movies, making craft and painting.

Name : V. Vivek

Age : 9 years

Address : C3/70 F, BHEL Quarters, Township, Trichy - 620 014.

Hobbies : Playing chess, table-tennis, badminton, collecting coins, playing cricket and football, watching cartoons on T.V., eating icecreams, etc.

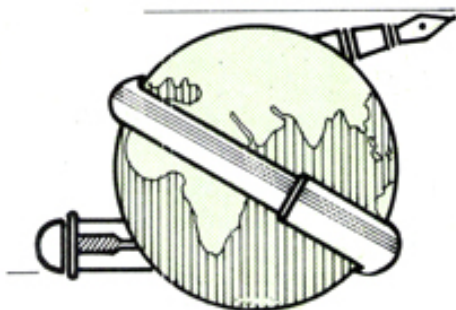


Name : Prashant Babu

Age : 11 years

Address : 7, Madhav Kutir,
7th Road, Rajaiwadi,
Vidya Vihar (E),
Bombay - 400 077.

Hobbies : Collecting stamps, reading books, playing and watching T.V.



Name : Chitra Radhakrishnan

Age : 15 years

Address : No. 1, Shri Kripa,
Deendayal Road,
Vishnu Nagar, Dombivili (West),
Thane District, Pin - 421 202.

Hobbies : Reading, watching cricket matches, listening to Hindi film songs, playing badminton and making friends.

Name : B. Charulatha

Age : 9 years

Address : 103/2, Lake View Road,
Postal Colony, IV Street,
West Mambalam
Madras - 600 033.

Hobbies : Reading books, drawing, painting, cycling, gardening, collecting stamps, dancing and watching cartoons.

Name : B. Monisha Devaiah

Age : 10 years

Address : 491/A, Dr. Radhakrishna
Road, Tatabad, Gandhipuram,
Coimbatore - 641 012.

Hobbies : Drawing, painting, reading, gardening, playing chess, singing, etc.

Name : K. Sravankumar

Age : 12 years

Address : 12-13-663, Tarnaka,
Street No. 20,
Nagarjunanagar,
Hyderabad - 500 017.

Hobbies : Climbing trees, stamp collection, drawing, etc.

Name : R. Jagadeesh

Age : 9 years

Address : Type III/5, Central School
Qrs. Narimedu,
Madurai - 625 002.

Hobbies : Collecting stamps, playing carroms, reading, playing the violin.

Name : A. Kavitha

Age : 14 years

Address : Flat No. 1, Swagruha Complex, Opp. KPHB Colony,
Hyderabad - 500 872.

Hobbies : Reading books, watching T.V., and collecting greeting cards.

Name : S.N. Sreedevi

Age : 11 years

Address : Flat No. 2,
Swagruha Complex, Opp. KPHB,
Hyderabad - 500 872.

Hobbies : Reading books, riding my cycle, and drawing.

Name : M. Jayaraj

Age : 16 years

Address : 10-5-342/22,
Thukaram Gate, Lallaguda,
Secunderabad - 500 017.

Hobbies : Reading, stamp collecting, pen-friendship.

Name : V. Chitra

Age : 9 years

Address : D/31/2, Adyar Avenue,
I.I.T. Campus, Madras - 600 036.

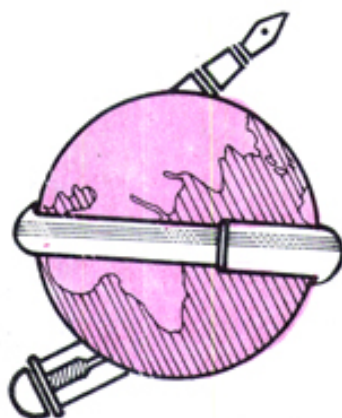
Hobbies : Reading story books and playing outdoor games.

Name : B.R. Rubesh
Raju

Age : 9 years

Address : 19-A, Panthody 1st Street,
Madurai - 625 001.

Hobbies : Collecting greeting cards, watching T.V., eating ice-cream, playing, etc.



4th Main Road,
Nanganullur,
Madras - 600 061.

Hobbies : Helping mother, chess, reading books, cricket, tennis, etc.

Name : N. Radhika

Age : 14 years

Address : C2-76 (Dos

Colony),

Swarnamukhi Nagar, Sullurpet,
Nellore District. Pin - 524 121.

Hobbies : Collecting stamps and greeting cards, reading, watching T.V., movies, etc.

Name : S. Balamahalakshmi

Age : 14 years

Address : A-137, Kurichi Housing Unit, Phase - II, Coimbatore - 641 021.

Hobbies : Collecting stamps, coins, stickers and currencies.

Name : V. Ramalakshmi

Age : 12 years

Address : D/31/2, Adyar Avenue,
I.I.T Campus, Madras - 600 036.

Hobbies : Cycling, reading books, playing games like cricket, and cooking delicious snacks.

Name : K. Anupama

Age : 14 years

Address : C/o. G. Veereswa Rao,
12-13-663, Tarnaka,
Street No. 20, Nagarjunanagar Colony, Hyderabad - 500 017.

Hobbies : Reading comics, watching movies, craft, debating, cycling, collecting stamps, etc.

Name : R. Bharath

Age : 10 years

Address : 15/6, 44th Street,
4th Main Road, Nanganullur,
Madras - 600 061.

Hobbies : Chess, reading books, cricket, tennis, helping parents at home, etc.

Name : R. Bharathi

Age : 7 years

Address : 15/6, 44th Street,

Name : N. Madhavi

Age : 10 years

Address : C2-76 (Dos Colony),
Swarnamukhi Nagar, Sullurpet - 524 121.

Hobbies : Collecting stamps and greeting cards, drawing, cycling and playing.

Name : C. Sobhan Don Prabhu

Age : 12 years

Address : 25-H, Abbas Illam,
Ganeshpuram II Street,
K.Pudur, Madurai - 650 007.

Hobbies : Playing cricket, stamp collecting, reading and gardening.

Name : J. Subhashini

Age : 13 years

Address : 16-2-183, Malakpet,
Hyderabad - 36.

Hobbies : Making friends, reading, collecting stamps, etc.

Name : A. Vijay Kiran

Age : 11 years

Address : Flat No. 1,
Swagruha Flats Phase - I,
Opp. KPHB Colony,
Hyderabad - 500 872.

Hobbies : Collecting stamps and coins, reading story books and playing cricket.

PUZZLES

TRICKSTER

Can you re-arrange the letters in each word so that we get the names of six states of India?

1. HHDDAAAMYSPRE
(two words)
2. RRHHAAAATMS
3. UJGTARA
4. RIBAH
5. LKRAEA
6. HNRJATASA

Chetan D. Uchil, aged 14,
Himalaya High School,
Bombay.

COUNTRIES AND CAPITALS!

Below are the names of some countries and capitals. But they are not in the right order. Can you match the countries with their capitals?

1. Iran — Ulaan Baatar
2. Egypt — Lima
3. Mongolia — Tehran
4. Peru — Cairo
5. Sudan — Khartoum
6. Turkey — Havana
7. Spain — Ankara
8. Cuba — Madrid

S. Bharath, aged 8,
Devi Academy,
Madras - 600 092.

SPOT THE CREATURES

Can you spot the creatures hidden in this rope of letters?

ELEPHANTEATERRAPINCHWORMANATELAN
DUCKANGAROOCTOPUSWANTELOPELICAN
NEWTIGERBILION
ARWHALLIGATORROKOKALAPWIN
GIRAFFENNECAMELANDOGOAT

R. Vijaya, aged 14, Madras - 600 033.

Solution on page 80

FAKES!

One evening, Akbar and Birbal walked into the city disguised as farmers. They saw many lame, blind and aged people begging on the streets.

"Why are these people here, Birbal?" asked Akbar.

"That's because they have no place to go, Jahanpanah," replied Birbal. "And they don't have the strength to work, either."

"Build a shelter for them and feed them everyday!" ordered Akbar.

"But Jahanpanah!" protested Birbal. "There will be many lazy fellows who'll pretend to be weak, helpless and handicapped. These fakes will take advantage of the shelter."

"I asked you to build a shelter! Do it!"

A week later, a cluster of thatched huts were built. Officers were asked to go all over the land and bring the needy people to the shelter. That done, Akbar visited it himself.

"Birbal!" he exclaimed. For the shelter was overflowing with people. "Are there so many handicapped and aged people in my kingdom?"

"No, Jahanpanah," Birbal replied. "Most of these people are fakes!"

ANIMAL WORLD

The Polar Bear

The polar bear has adapted perfectly to life in the Arctic. Its environment is ice, snow, and the frozen ocean. It is able to

spend most of its life in the icy cold water. That is because it is well insulated from the cold by thick, greasy fur.

The polar bear lives on its own. It walks up and down stretches of ice searching for its prey. The moment a seal's head appears above a 'breathing hole' on ice-covered water, the bear stuns it with a powerful blow.

The Eskimos hunt the polar bear for its meat. ■



"Officer!" cried Akbar. "Chase away the fakes from here!"

"I did so many times, Jahanpanah," replied the harassed officer. "But they come back again and again!"

Akbar sighed.

"You were right as usual, Birbal," he said. "Now do something!"

"As you please, Jahanpanah," replied Birbal. Then he turned to the officer. "Tell all these people that we are going to burn the shelter."

The officer did so. At once, panic spread. Able men were seen to run away, and the helpless ones began to lament and cry.

"Oh, why do you want to burn it?" they wailed. "Where will we go?"



Birbal turned to the emperor.

"Jahanpanah," he said. "The ones who ran away are the lazy fellows who fake helplessness. Allow only the remaining people to stay. Let nobody else come into the shelter."

So that's how it was from then on.

E.R. Thirunarayanan,
aged 15,
Bangalore - 560 036.

ANIMAL WORLD

The Koala

The Koala, is an inhabitant of Australia. It was once slaughtered for its fur. But it is now a protected species. It is found in the south-eastern states of Australia.

The Koala feeds on 12 species of the eucalyptus or gum tree. It spends most of its life on tree tops eating leaves and tender bark. It rarely comes to

the ground.

The maximum size of the Koala is 85 cms. ■



INDIAN RAILWAYS

INTERESTING FACTS

* You will be proud to know that the Indian Railways has the largest railway network in Asia, and the fourth largest in the world!

* It runs 400 mail and express trains, and as many as 1,500 passenger train services every day!

* These trains carry more than ten million passengers to their destinations daily!

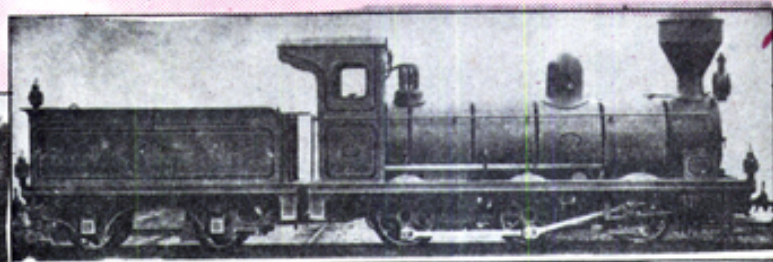
* Goods trains carry about one million tonnes of freight everyday!

* Yet, the railways receive only 70 complaints per day on an average.

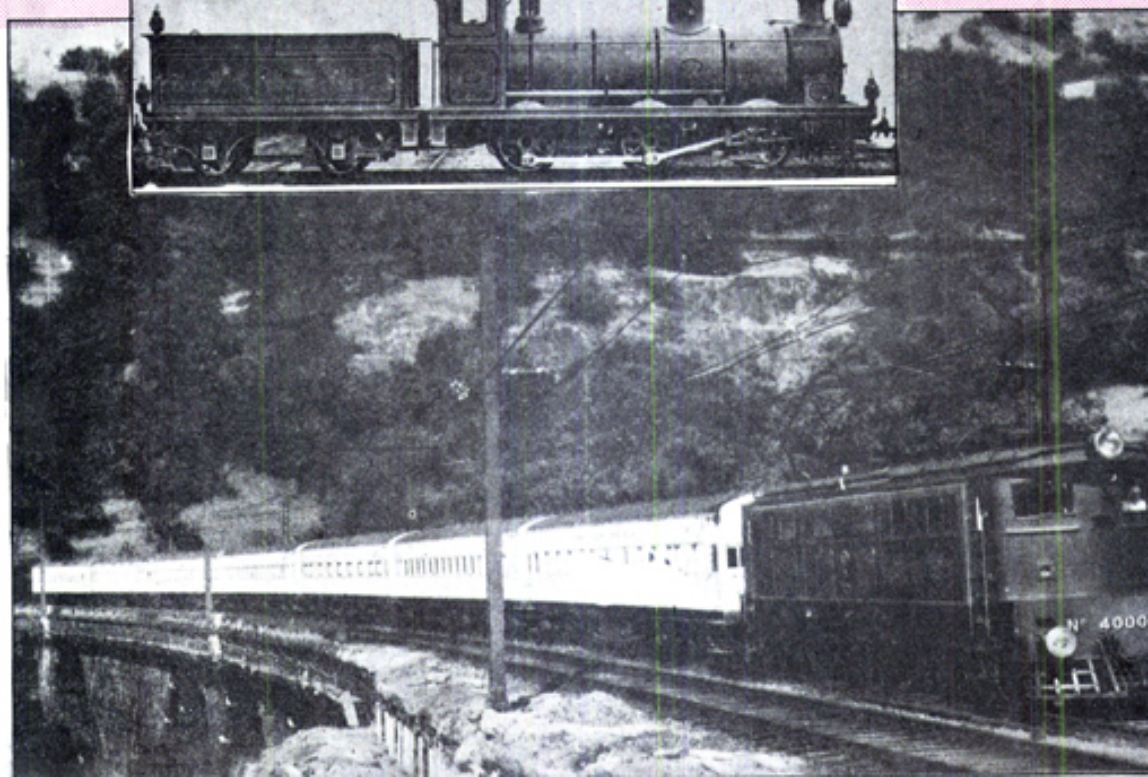
* The Indian Railways take up 6.7% of the total diesel consumption in the country.

* They also consume 2.6% of the country's total petroleum resources.

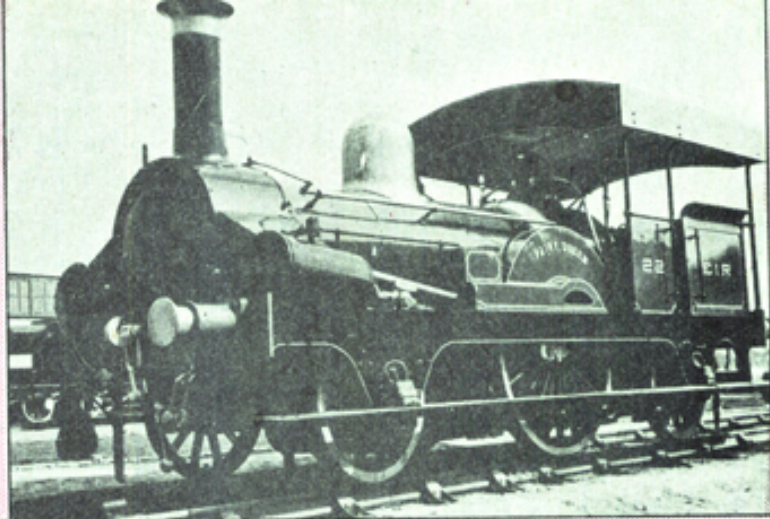
* A hundred-year-old engine



* An electrified railway line



* However, rail transport is seven times more fuel-efficient when compared to road transport. This is true especially for transporting huge quantities of goods



* Fairy Queen — India's first railway engine (1853)



* Oil tankers being filled....

to far off places.

* There are about 7,000 stations on its routes.

* There are nearly 1.4 lakh bridges in its network! Yes, 1.4 lakh bridges - big and small!

* It has a 62,000 kilometre network, knitting the length and breadth of our country.

* And do you know how many people it employs? 1.8 million!

* You might have noticed that the wooden sleepers in the tracks are being replaced by concrete sleepers, particularly on routes with heavy traffic. This not only helps preserve our

dwindling forests, but is also economical. They improve the track standards and are also safer and more comfortable. Concrete sleepers have a long life of more than 30 to 35 years, compared to the 15 to 20 years of cast iron sleepers, 10 to 12 years life term of wooden sleepers. And steel sleepers have only a 20 year life span.

* The Bombay VT - Kurla line, via Harbour Branch, was the first to be electrified in the Indian Railways, way back in 1925.

* The next was the Madras - Tambaram section in 1929, which has now been extended up to Villupuram.

* The Howrah (Calcutta) — Burdwan section, was the third to be electrified, after a gap of 29 years, in 1958.

* At present, we have 9,300 kms. of electrified railway line.

This is only 15% of the total railway network.

* Very soon, the complete route between Madras and Delhi, spanning 2,194 kms. will be electrified.

* And you can feel proud that this is one of the longest electrified railway lines anywhere in the world outside the USSR, USA and Canada!

* Railways are going in for electrification, because electric engines are powerful. They can haul heavier loads than diesel or steam engines. They also help save millions of kilometres of diesel, worth several crores of rupees, in foreign exchange. They are pollution-free too!

* The Chittaranjan Locomotive Works manufactures as many as 110 electric locomotives every year. It was originally set up in 1950 to build only steam locomotives. But since the 1970s, it has started building electric locomotives too. It builds engines for both freight, as well as mail and express trains.

* Do you know that modern freight trains can pull a load of 9,000 to 13,000 tonnes? The Indian Railways are planning to introduce a still heavier freight train that can haul up to 18,000 tonnes!

Source : PIB Items and
Features
S. BALAKRISHNAN

First dog : I ate a roll of movie film for my lunch.

Second dog : Did you like it?

First dog : No, it had a sad ending.

C.S. Sangeetha, aged 14,
Madras - 18.



Overheard - a conversation between two sparrows sitting on a scarecrow.

1st Sparrow : Relax! He's only meant to scare crows away.

Mallika, aged 11,
Bombay - 71.

ALL FOR A

NEEDLE!

I have always known that I was a bit absent minded. And that day, I simply surpassed myself. I am not sure you will believe what I am going to narrate, for I find it unbelievable myself.

It was the second period of the afternoon in school. It was needle-work class. That day, I made up my mind to thread a needle and do some sewing. But I had forgotten to bring a needle. Before the teacher could enter class, I somehow managed to borrow one from a friend.

And that was the beginning of my troubles. I shifted with my sewing to a chatty corner of the class. I threaded the needle. Then holding the thread from which the needle was hanging, between my thumb and the desk, I bent over to say something.

Suddenly, I felt a short, sharp pain in my thigh. But it soon passed and I could feel nothing more. So I decided to ignore it, thinking I might have scratched myself on something.

I picked up the needle, to resume, or rather, to begin my stitching. But to my surprise I found only half a needle between my fingers! I wondered where the other broken half was and began to casually look around for it.

On an impulse, I suddenly put my hand on my thigh where I had felt the pain. I felt something sharp under the skin - or, was it my imagination? I turned to my class-mates and told them about it. But they only guffawed at me. Slightly irritated, I got up and told my teacher, deciding to confirm my suspicion.

Ah! You should have seen the confusion that followed. The teacher was very worried. She tried to remove the broken half, but was unsuccessful. I was rushed immediately to the adjacent



general hospital.

Unfortunately there was a strike there. So I was taken to a large private hospital nearby. My father was informed too.

By the time he arrived, an X-ray had been taken, and all preparations for an operation were in progress.

The operation was completed successfully. By 5.30 p.m. I was back home. Of course, I stayed at home for the next few days.

So you see — I got leave, concessional publicity and attention — all for a needle!

Shilpa Sheshadri,
Coimbatore - 641 002.

POETRY



We can't see her, she is the dark,
She has long, thick black hair,

She has black hands and legs,
She has dark eyes and a nose in black,

She is silent. Who comes there?
A silent creeping black ghost on earth,

Who is she? There comes the Dark!
She who gave us the night.

T. Ragesh Babu, aged 11,
Kerala - 678 582.

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DAILY LIFE

I study in the VIII Std. Every morning, the peace is shattered by an energetic and active atmosphere.

My mother wakes up at 5 o'clock every morning. She then wakes me and my brother (who studies in the XI std. in the same school), from our deep and happy slumber.

I respond to my mother's calls with, "Oh mummy! Please wait! I'll be out of bed in another five minutes!"

Half an hour later, a cup of coffee in hand, my mother comes to wake me up again. This time too, I don't get up. This is the happiest and coziest moment in bed.

By 6 o'clock, mother comes to wake me up again. A few harsh words escape her, for she is a little irritated with me by now.

MORNING TENSION

I wake up grumbling and muttering.

Dad, who sits somewhere within earshot ignores all these goings on, and concentrates harder on the newspaper.

By 7.30 a.m., I am almost ready for school. Mother has prepared breakfast, and packed our lunch too.

Then, I need my mother's help to comb my hair as usual.

"Pramila!" she calls. "Let me comb your hair!"

It is only when I hear her call that I begin to search for ribbons and hairpins.

POETRY

Mummy, mummy! Where are you?
Mummy says, go and play
Friends have come, with sticks and gum.
At the ground, with a fence around,

Gathered together, in fine weather.
Jumping, laughing, children together,

EVENING





* Cultivating a good habit.... Helping mother with the household chores.

Mother scolds me for my irresponsible behaviour. Then I am somehow ready for school. This, inspite of my brother, who makes nasty remarks, and picks up some petty quarrels with me in bet-

ween his getting ready. Mother comes to my rescue, and the sizzling atmosphere cools a bit.

Then mother packs the lunch boxes and towels into our bags, and dad leaves for office at 8 o'clock. We leave for school, waving goodbye to mother, who responds with a broad smile.

Come to think of it, I suddenly realize how important mummy is to me. (How can fathers attend offices, and children go to schools otherwise?)

Readers! Help your mothers with the daily routine. Fill your water bottles, pack your bags, put the clothes for wash in the right place....

I have resolved to try my hand at helping mother (even though it appears somewhat difficult) every morning.

**Pramila Aravind, aged 12,
Vidya Vikasini
Matriculation School,
Coimbatore.**



Hearts bright, a happy sight!
Then comes evening, the sun setting,
Elders returning, as the twilight peeps.
Bells ringing, in the temple - night falls.

**Illena Chakrabarty, aged 10,
St. John Bosco School,
Lucknow.**

Once upon a time, a raja named Dharماسala ruled over one of the most fertile and prosperous kingdoms on earth. He was kind-hearted and good, and did much for the welfare of his people. The people too, loved and respected him.

This peaceful state of affairs, continued for a long time, until one day at sunset, suddenly, a panther entered the city, and killed a large number of people.

The panther was so huge, that all who saw it were frightened. Even brave warriors quailed and ran before this imposing beast. The panther lived in the nearby forest and came often into the city to have its fill.

People feared it, and kept their doors and windows closed all the time. Come sunset, and the streets of the city became

deserted. Nobody dared venture out for fear of the panther. The raja despaired. Many of his warriors had set out to capture or kill it, but never returned.

"I will give a thousand gold coins," announced the raja, "and a good job in the palace, if anybody can kill this beast."

The message was tom-tommed all round the kingdom.

"I could try," people muttered. "If only I was sure of coming back alive."

In short, very few people tried to kill the panther, and the few that tried, never returned home.

THE DONKEY?



Months rolled on. Soon, the monsoons set in.

It was the darkest night that the kingdom had ever seen. Lightning flashed and thunder rolled. It was raining heavily. All were safe inside their houses, except for a dhobi.

"Where has he gone?" muttered the dhobi to himself, peering through the darkness.

He was searching for his precious donkey which had escaped from its shed. The dhobi did not bother about the rain, nor did he worry about the panther. He was

concerned about his donkey, which was his most precious possession.

A piece of cloth over his head, and a stick in his right hand were his only protection.

"Am I to carry the dirty bundles to the river everyday?" fumed the dhobi. "Wait till I catch him."

The dhobi was a cruel taskmaster. He often beat his

poor donkey mercilessly, and that's why it had run away.

A little further away, at the end of the city, lived an old woman. Her hut was old and poorly made, and streams of rainwater were coming in through the roof.

"Leakage! Leakage! Blast!" she shouted, waving her fists at the roof. "This is what I am afraid of, every monsoon."

The panther had just entered the city in search of prey. It heard the old woman shout.

"What?" it thought. "This old woman is afraid of this mysterious leakage? Is she not afraid of me?"

As the panther thought of it, a little

hand of fear clutched its heart.

"What if this leakage is a more dangerous animal than me?" it thought.

"You dragon! You leakage! How will I escape from you?" cried the old woman once more. "Oh! Help! How unfortunate I am... I'll die because of leakage!"

The panther did not wait to hear more. It fled as fast as it could through the streets.

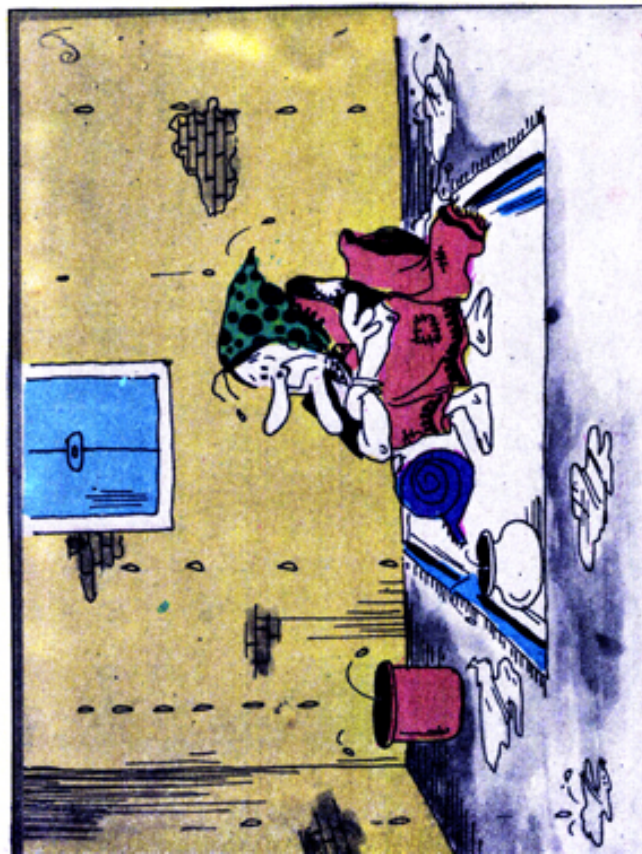
"What if this leakage catches hold of me?" it thought.

The dhobi wandering through the streets saw a dark form streak past him.

"Oh, no!" he cried. "Trying to escape me, are you?"

He caught hold of the animal by its tail, and began to beat it black and blue.

"Trying to escape your duties are you, you miserable animal!"



cried the dhobi, beating it all the while.

"Oh," thought the panther in despair.

For it was the panther that the dhobi had caught by mistake! "This leakage has caught me. Will I ever escape him? He's killing me, just as he killed the old woman."

After having beaten the panther till it collapsed, the dhobi tied a rope around its neck and dragged it the donkey's shed.

"Stay there you donkey!" he shouted shutting the door. "I'll deal with you in the morning."

When morning came, the panther regained consciousness. Alarmed to find itself in the shed, it began to roar. The dhobi's wife heard the terrifying sound and peeped in through a window. She was really alarmed to see the panther inside the shed.

She woke her husband up.

When the dhobi saw the panther in his shed, he realized what had happened the previous night. His knees began to tremble and his teeth began to chatter. But

soon, he became a little braver, and went to the palace to inform the king.

He was awarded the thousand gold coins, and given a job at the palace. The panther was taken away to the royal zoo.

Back home, the dhobi found his donkey standing before the gate of his house.



"Oh, my donkey!" he cried, hugging it. "I will never beat you again, or ill-treat you. We are to live in the palace quarters henceforth, and you shall live a life of luxury with me."

So the donkey lived happily ever after, with its master, in the palace of Raja Dharmasala.

P. SREEDHARAN

PUZZLES

BRAIN-TEASER

I have given two columns of words here. Each word from column A has to be inserted in a word in column B to form another meaningful word. Here's an example -

The first word 'BIN' from column 'A' has been inserted in the fourth word from column 'B' to form 'COMBINE'.

Now try the rest.

A

BIN
ALL
HIT
INN
ASS
AND
RATE
RENT
LONG
RAW
FUSE

B

WING
GENES
BEING
COME
CURLY
RED
CLING
HOW
STING
PAGE
WE



K. Satish, Std. VII, Ida Scudder School, Vellore.

WORD GAME

The words that have to be filled in are parts of the body. They can also be used to mean other things.

1. The _____ of a comb.
2. The _____ of a bottle.
3. The _____ of a needle.
4. The _____ of a family.

S. Gandhiraj,
Madurai - 2

SOLUTION ON PAGE 55

The Opossum

Zoologists say that the opossum is the stupidest and least aggressive of all mammals present in this world. But whoever would think that Mother Nature has given some

grizzled greyish fur, and small, hairless ears. A fully grown opossum weighs about nine pounds. He eats almost anything from fruits, vegetables and grains, to bird's eggs, insects, fish and frogs.

As soon as he senses danger, the opossum curls into a dead-looking heap. It is his method of self-defense. Scientists believe that the opossum cannot withstand too long a period of fear. After remaining some time in this curled up position, he will be affected by a

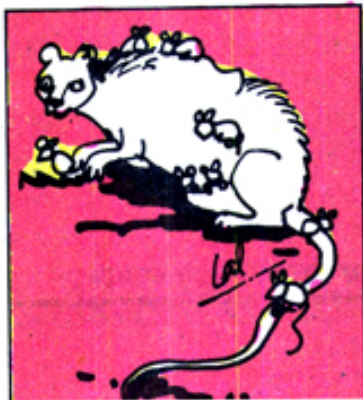
special skill to this lethargic mammal too?

The opossum is a cousin of the kangaroo. In fact, it is the only pouched mammal to survive in North America. His one special skill is this — he can wrap his long tail around the branch of a tree and hang upside down for any number of hours.

In looks, the opossum resembles a wooly, cuddly pig. He is as big as a house cat, with

temporary paralysis.

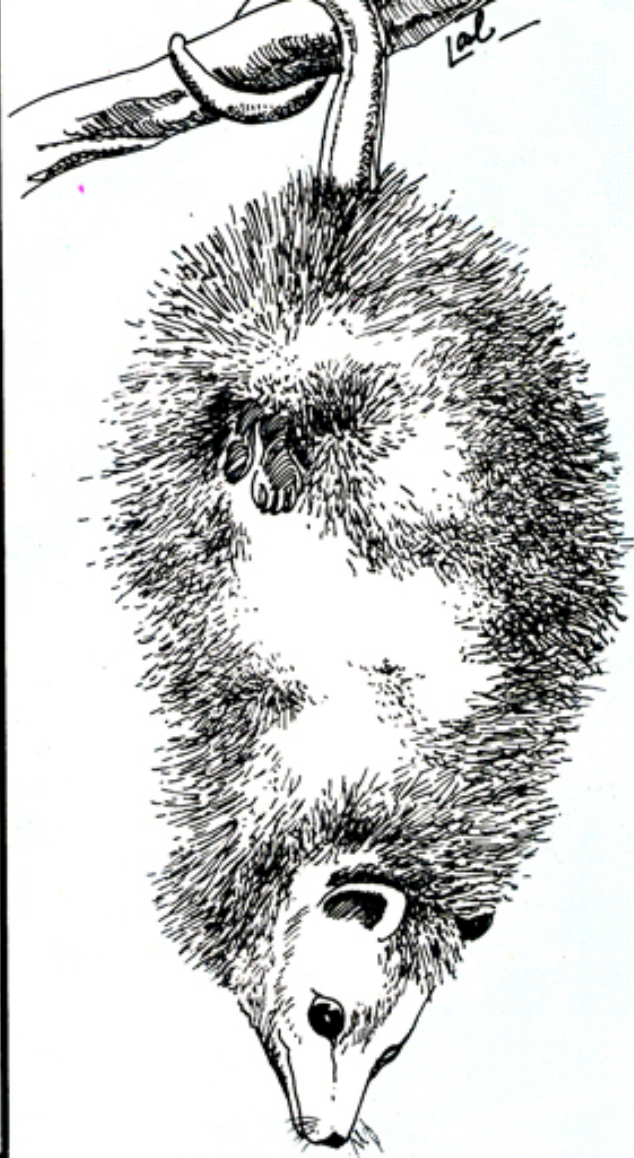
An adult opossum carries the young ones inside her womb for a period of 14-17 days. Then she gives birth to her babies. At birth, they are pink, shapeless and less than an inch long. Only the mouth and the front legs are well developed. The babies immediately slip into the mother's pouch. They have no eyes.



About sixteen babies can be born at one time. But the opossum has only thirteen teats, or milk pores. So there is a scramble for each of the young ones to attach itself to one of the teats. The ones that are not fortunate enough, will not be able to feed, and thus may die.

The young ones will not peep out of the pouch at the outside world until they are one month old. Till then, they continuously suck milk from their mother.

The month old opossums become very active. They are as big as



Don't look at me and laugh, just because I look so odd to you. I am a small *arboreal*(tree living) mammal. My favourite foods are insects, bark, etc. I have an elongated, hairless muzzle(you'd say nose), and a well-developed, prehensile tail. My legs are very small.

I always like to hang upside down from a branch by my tail. Sounds odd to you? But have you ever tried it? Not hanging by your tail, I mean, but looking at the world upside down.

My limbs have five digits, with sharp claws. My stomach is simpler than yours. I like to move around at night.

I've got a pouch too. I carry my babies around inside it.

When I scent danger, I simply curl myself into a ball, and lie lifeless. Well, I just pretend to be dead!

mice by now, and have well-developed eyes. They now adventurously crawl all over their mother's fur and travel on her back, with their tails coiled around her body.

The young ones never see their father. The male opossum takes no responsibility in looking after them.

When the mother sees any hawks, eagles or other predators flying about above the trees, she immediately signals her children. They quickly scramble back into her pouch. She looks after her young ones till they are totally independent.

GEETHA VISWANATHAN

OUR ENVIRONMENT

PRICE OF PROGRESS

Man takes the credit for having done the most damage to our environment. Both for food and for sport, he has hunted down not only animals, but also forests and greenland. As man tries to make this earth more habitable for himself and his people, he pushes the wild animals, the original inhabitants, to extinction.

The destruction of grasslands by cattle has been most severe in the Masai lands of East Africa. And by extensive fishing, the yield has considerably reduced in the seas and oceans. One of the most affected creatures of the waters has been the whale.

Progress in technology has also affected environment. Industrial waste and untreated sewage that have been dumped into rivers and stretches of water has succeeded in killing all life in them.



The construction of dams for water storage has also been damaging. And chemical fertilizers and pesticides used on crops affect environment.



P U Z Z L E

ZOO

Spot the 13 animals and birds in the cages below.



Z	W	P	A	R	A	K	E	E	T
N	O	X	Y	L	E	M	A	C	B
G	R	G	I	R	A	F	F	E	E
V	S	T	P	L	M	N	Z	X	A
U	T	I	G	E	R	M	X	L	R
Z	S	U	O	L	A	Z	K	A	Y
R	E	T	S	E	K	C	A	N	B
A	S	B	T	P	O	Y	O	Z	N
B	Q	R	R	H	P	X	M	C	B
B	Y	W	I	A	Q	L	Z	D	K
I	U	V	C	N	N	Y	K	W	Q
T	N	P	H	T	Q	Z	A	P	E

Solution on page 55

Parvathi P., aged 7,
Trivandrum - 695 583.

It was a sunny Saturday morning. I was walking with Sujana and Anjum near our favourite tamarind tree inside the school compound. We were waiting for our rickshaw to take us home. Almost everyone had left the

As we walked towards the garden I felt a tingling sensation at my back. I knew there was going to be an adventure. My friends were excited when I told them about it. We half ran and half walked to the garden. When we reached it, we looked around to make sure that no one was around. Cautiously, we

walked down the path towards the statue.

The statue stood in the middle of a pretty flower bed. It was the most

beautiful statue of Mary that we had ever seen. As we circled it, I heard a buzzing from inside it. I was surprised and wondered whether the others had heard it too. Sure enough they had. We were very puzzled. I had an idea.

"Let's see what's under it," I cried. "Try to move it!"

It moved easily. To our surprise, we now saw a rectangular lid fitted closely to the pedestal. I was excited now. I asked the other two to look for sticks with sharp edges.

LOST IN

SPACE

school. Only a few girls were playing in the field.

As we were walking by the quiet tamarind, Anjum said, "Why don't we go to the garden beside the playfield? No one will see us now."

The garden was forbidden territory to all students in school.

"Let's!" exclaimed Sujana, "I have always wanted to see the lovely flowers there. I want to see that statue too."

"But why?" asked Anjum.

"You do as you are told," said Sujana, quickly understanding what I wanted to do. They soon returned with a bundle of sticks. Using the sticks I tried to pry open the lid. After breaking a few sticks we managed to do so.

Inside the pedestal, was an object very much like the remote control unit of a T.V. It had red, yellow, grey and blue buttons. The buttons were marked 'Past', 'Present' and 'Future'.

We were curious and a bit frightened too. After a while we

picked up enough courage and I pressed a button (the blue one). But nothing happened. I then pressed the red one. Suddenly there was a deep rumbling. We felt the earth shaking violently beneath us. I saw Anjum quickly put the remote in her uniform pocket. Then, I was falling, falling, falling....

When we regained consciousness, we found ourselves on a type of bed (or whatever it was! There were a lot of wires sticking out from it). We were puzzled and wondered where we were.



Sujana was the first to realize that we were in space suits. We looked around for the remote control and found it in the corner of the room, among our clothes. We guessed that the remote was responsible for our being in this strange place.

The strange place looked like a round room. But there were no doors or windows. There was only an opening on the dome-like ceiling. The ceiling with its opening, seemed to be about 12 feet above the ground. The room was completely empty except for the bed-like thing at the centre of it. The inside was well-lit. But through the opening we could see only darkness.

"But it must be afternoon," I thought. My watch showed the time to be only 2 o'clock. We

were all worried, and on the verge of tears.

Something seemed to be moving on the top of the dome. Soon a space suited creature dropped in through the opening. It was short, and made of metal, with two antennae sticking out of its square head. There were two or three switches on its body. It tried to tell us something in a strange language –

"* / \$ * * % \$\$ /* / + * /".

It did not notice that I had the remote with me, for I kept it hidden behind my back. I pressed the yellow button accidentally. I found that I could understand what the creature was trying to say. So could my two friends.

"Why have you come to Venus? Are you from Mars? Have you come to spy on us?"

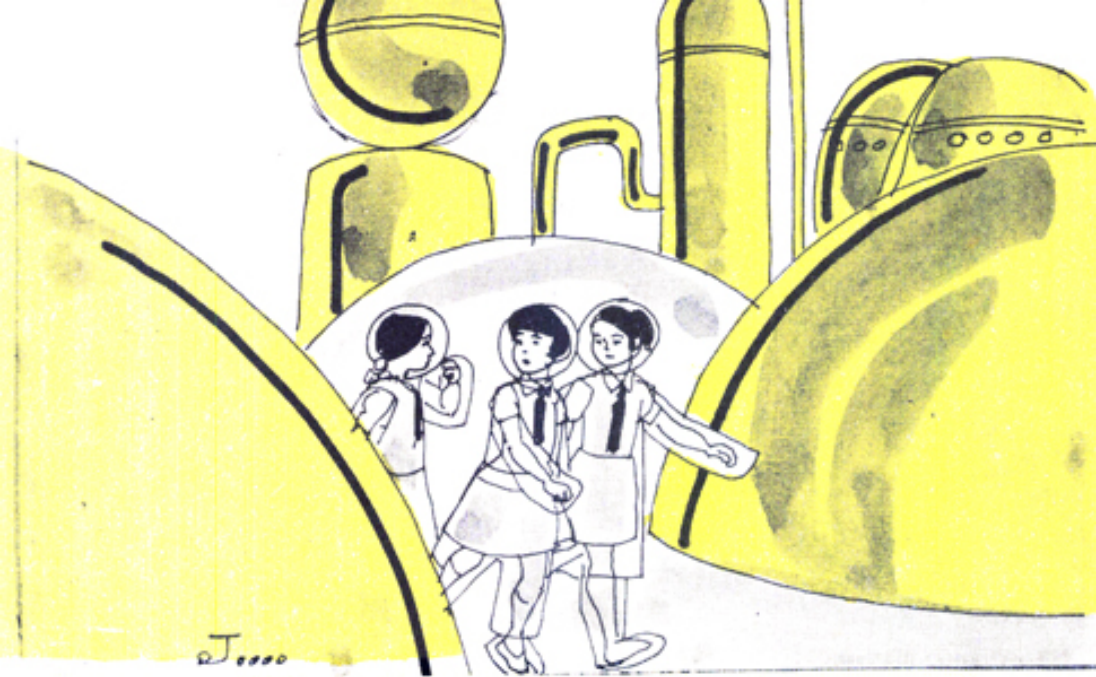
We were shocked to know that we were on the planet Venus. Sujana began to cry quietly. Anjum and I tried to be brave. We smiled and shook our heads at the creature. Meanwhile another creature flew in with a tray of food (screws and nails). We tried our best to make them understand that we could not eat their type of food. Suddenly both the creatures rushed out leaving the opening on top unguarded. We heard strange noises coming from above. After a while it be-

Q : Why did the doctor step past his medicine box silently?

A : He didn't want to wake up the sleeping pills!

**K.N. Vivek, aged 13,
Secunderabad - 560 026.**





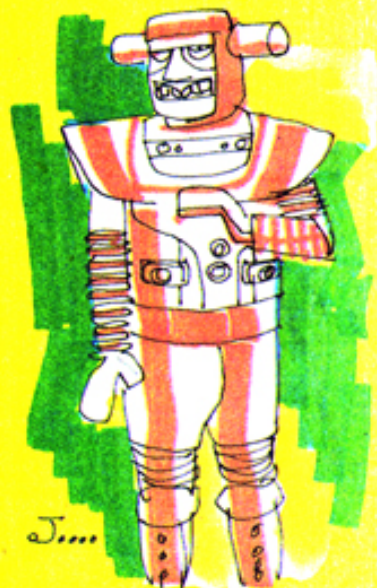
came very quiet. By this time Sujana had also calmed down. We were curious to get out of the room and see what was outside.

Sujana stood on the 'bed'. Anjum climbed on her shoulders. And I climbed on top of her. I could just reach the opening. We thanked our games teacher for having taught us this feat. Once I was out, I pulled Anjum out. Both of us pulled Sujana out using the belts from our space suits. We walked cautiously through the streets of Venus. There were dome-like houses on either side. We were surprised, and at the same time relieved to see the streets empty. We reached a wide open space, where a lot of the creatures from Venus were fighting with other creatures who looked different. We thought they could be invaders

from another planet. The other creatures were beautiful to look at. Suddenly the battle was over, and the beautiful creatures appeared to have won.

We were surrounded by a group of them with some sort of weapons in their hand. By now I was quite fed up with being taken prisoner. As we were talking among ourselves cursing our bad luck, one of the creatures came towards us and asked us who we were. We were amazed for it spoke in English!

"We are from the planet Mars," said the creature, "My name is Tru Truk. I am the chief commander of the Martian army. Will you come with me to my planet? I have three children. They will love to meet you. Afterwards I'll think of some way to send you back to earth."



So we travelled to Mars

Tru Truk took us to the palace where he lived with his wife and children. The children looked kind of cute. Tru Truk was an artistic chap. He was a collector of rare and wonderful things. He showed us around his palace. One room was filled with pots and vessels made of rare metals. Displayed in a second room were paintings by great artists of Mars. In a third room were many beautiful statues made of marble. In another room, there were many complicated machines. Using them, you could contact people from all over the Universe.

We were very hungry and thirsty. Would we get screws and nails to eat here too? But no! We were served two types of cakes, three types of salads, four types of cookies and five

types of ice creams! We ate so much that we thought our stomachs would burst.

We then asked Tru Truk why the creatures of Mars did not fly like the creatures in Venus did. Tru Truk's face grew sad.

"Ever since we lost our remote control," he said. "We have lost the power to fly. The remote was the key to our powers. It had protected us from being destroyed many times. We are now at the mercy of all enemies specially the creatures from Venus who are our most powerful enemies."

We were sad for him. As we went to bed, we talked about it. Sujana suddenly said, "Do you think this remote is theirs?"

Immediately Anjum and I said, "What rubbish! How could it be?"

We slept for some time. Then we got up and went for a walk on our own. We came across a group of Martian creatures crying piteously.

"What happened?" we asked anxiously. One creature said, "Some creatures from Venus attacked us and destroyed all our food. Now we have nothing to eat! We will starve!"

We returned to the palace and told Tru Truk.

"How did the war with Venus begin?" I asked.

"The creatures of Venus," said Tru Truk, "Stole our remote and hid it on some other planet."

Anjum and I exchanged glances. Both of us looked at Sujana.

"We found a remote on our planet" I said. "See, is this yours?"

Tru Truk's face brightened. He literally grabbed the remote from us. His excited face told us that it was indeed their remote. He showed it to everyone. All were happy, and cheered us loudly. Soon everyone was flying in the air, except for the three of us.

Tru Truk arranged to have us taken to the earth. As a parting gift, he gave us a ring, which would give us anything we wanted. It would also help in contacting Mars.

Soon we were whirling through the air, and were back in the garden. We saw that not much time had passed — it was only 2.15!

Suddenly there was Sister Principal coming towards us through the gate! We quickly

moved the statue back on the pedestal. I looked at the ring and wished for a ball. Instantly, there was a ball in my hand. We walked towards the gate as if nothing had happened. Sister saw us and asked us angrily, "What are you doing in the garden?"

We showed her the ball and



Arun (*on the telephone*) : Fire! Fire!

Fire department personnel : Where?

Arun : In my living room.

Fire department personnel : Where are you?

Arun : In my house.

Fire department personnel : Okay. But how do we get to your house?

Arun : You have a fire engine, don't you?

**K.N. Vivek, aged 13,
Secunderabad - 500 026.**



said, "We came into the garden to look for the ball sister!"

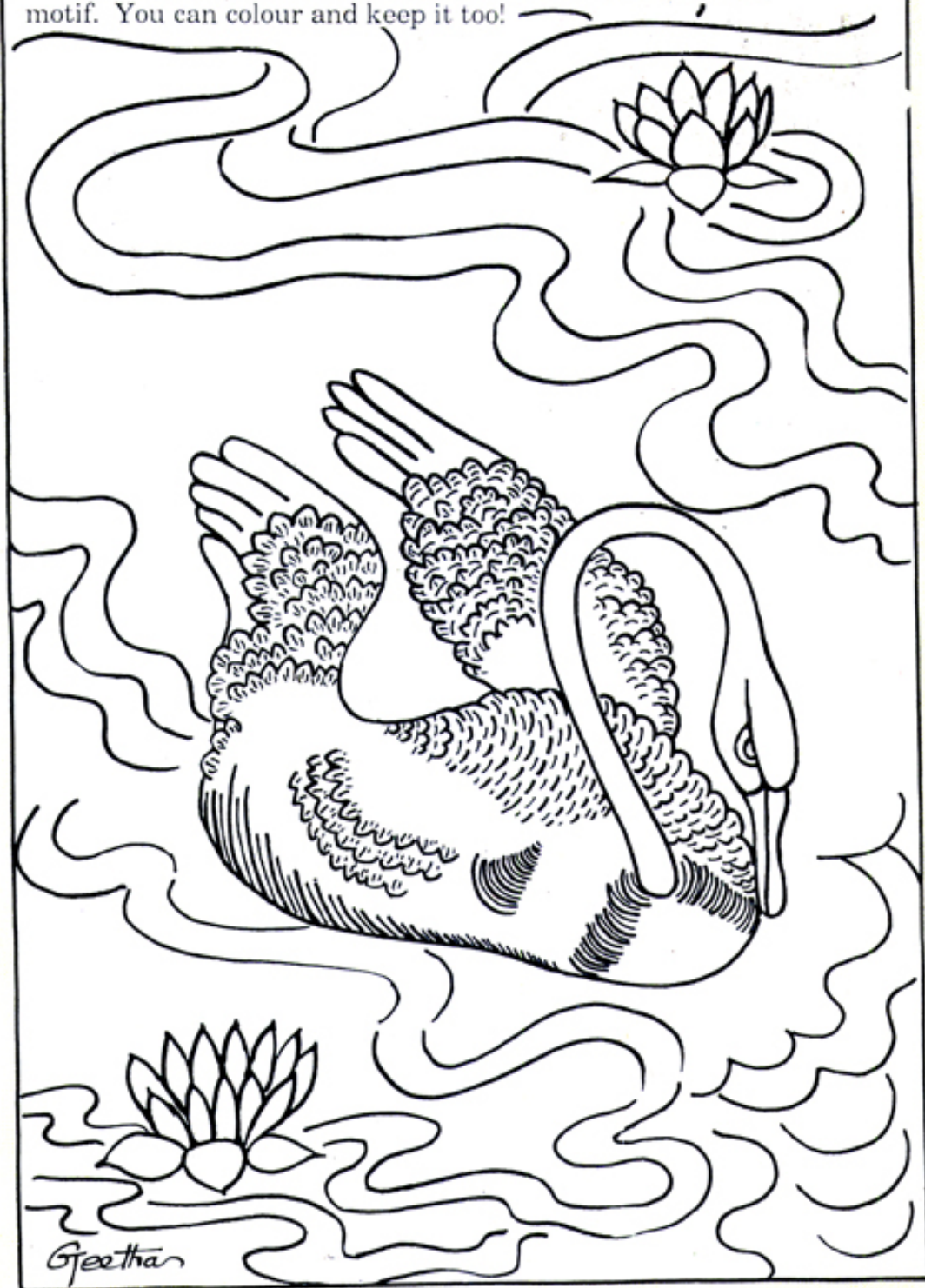
Sister let us go but warned us never to enter the garden again.

We often remember our adventures on Venus and Mars. We wonder whether it was all a dream! The ring is a proof that it wasn't. We still keep in touch with Tru Truk....

**K. Abhilasha, Std VI,
St. Joseph's Girls High
School,
Visakhapatnam.**

COLOUR and KEEP

Here is a drawing which you can use as an embroidery motif. You can colour and keep it too!



ALL THAT GLITTERS....

I have always been interested in cricket. As a child, I used to play with boys elder to me.

When we were transferred to Hyderabad, I began visiting a coaching centre. It was about 2 kms. from my house. I travelled there by bus every day.

One day I was waiting for the bus back home after practise. At the bus stop, I noticed a boy standing next to me. He was wearing baggie trousers and a beautiful shirt.

"Looks like he is a rich boy," I thought. "Is he waiting for the bus too?"

When the bus came, the boy got into it. I did too. He then sat down beside me. When the conductor came, I took out my purse and paid for my ticket.

At first, both of us were a bit shy of each other. A little

while later, the conversation picked up, and both of us were chatting to each other like old friends.

I had always thought that I was a good judge of character. He seemed to be a good boy who could mix with everybody.

The bus stopped at my stop. I got down. As the bus started, I waved to my new friend. He waved back too.

I wanted to check the amount of money in my purse. But to my horror, I found my wallet missing. I realized that my pocket must have been picked in the bus... Could it be....?

I turned and glared helplessly at the moving bus. Suddenly, I saw a small, brown thing fly out of one of the windows. I ran and picked it up. It was my wallet. Needless to say, it was empty. And the bus was now out of sight.

From that day, I have realized that I should never judge somebody's character by his appearance.

**D. Srikanth, aged 15,
Secunderabad - 3.**

Q : When is a shaggy dog most likely to enter a house?

A : When the door is open!

**Bobby Diwakar, aged 12,
Bangalore - 560 054.**

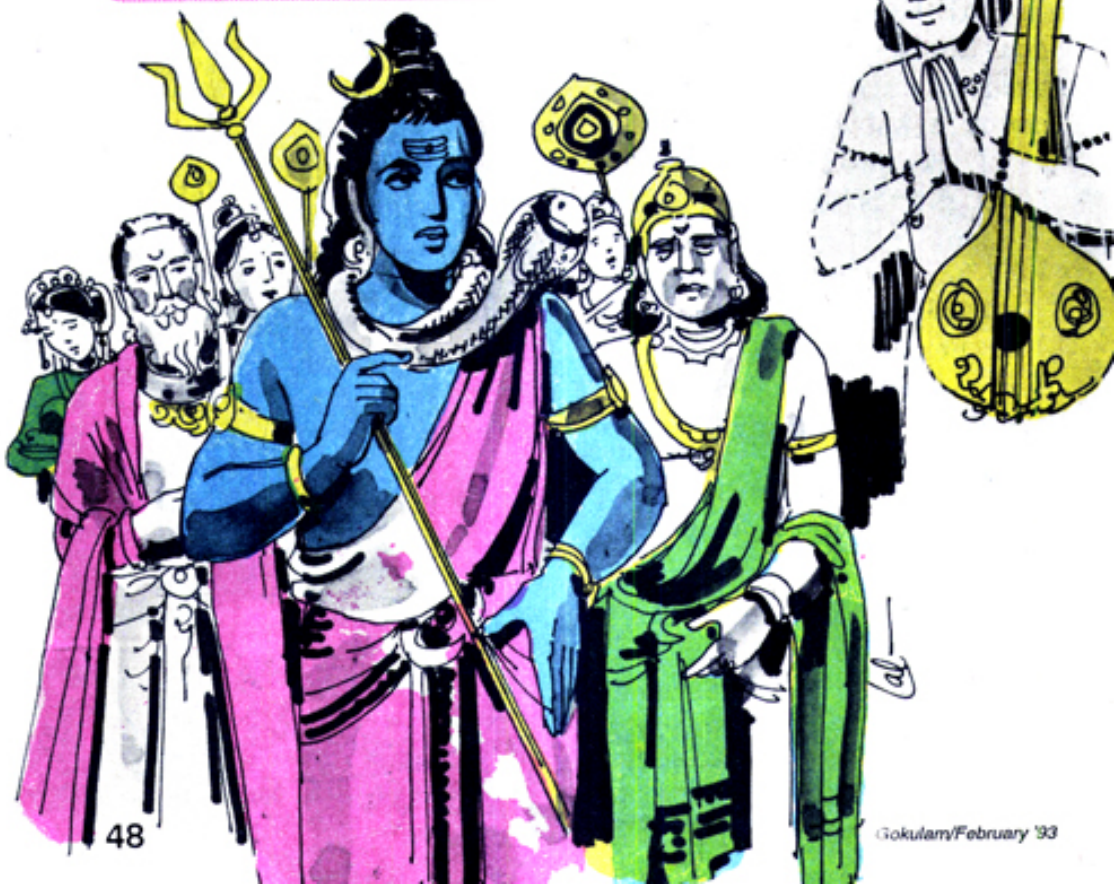


Kanyakumari is almost at the end of the Indian Peninsula. But not quite. That credit goes to *Parson's Pygmalion Point*. But *Cape Comorin*, or Kanyakumari as it is now known, is often mistaken for the bottom-most tip of India. This is the place where Swami Vivenkananda heard the call of the Mother Goddess and swam to a rock off-shore to meditate.

Through the centuries, Kanyakumari has attracted a large number of pilgrims, tourists and visitors. For here, the three mighty seas, the Arabian Sea, the Indian Ocean and the Bay of Bengal, unite.

On shore, is a temple of Devi Kanyakumari, who, according to legend, is praying

KANYAKUMARI





* A view of the Vivekananda Memorial.

eternally for Lord Siva to come. The legend goes like this — Lord Siva who was enshrined at Suchindram nearby, was to marry this goddess. The auspicious time for the wedding was set for the early hours of morning, just before daybreak. Siva and his entourage decided to make the journey just on time. They planned it in such a way that they would reach the place in time for the wedding. But there were other forces at work too. A demon that was being a menace, had to be destroyed by Siva. Narada, the celestial sage, knew that if Siva went off to marry the goddess, he would not be able to kill the demon. So, he took the help of a cock.

Before Siva reached the place of the wedding, the

cock crowed. Thinking that he had missed the auspicious time before daybreak, Siva returned to Suchindram, and the marriage never took place. That's why, the goddess is known as *Kanyakumari*. (Kumari = unmarried; Kanya = Young girl)

And the place where she still waits for the Lord to come and wed her, is also called Kanyakumari.

There are daily pujas and offerings to this goddess. In the early morning, the goddess is woken up by the sound of conches and the nadaswaram. The *Srikovil* doors are flung open, and the Devi is shown to her devotees with the previous day's ornaments. This is the '*Viswarupa Darsana*' and it

takes place at 4.15 a.m. in the morning.

In the evening, plaintains and sugar candy are offered to the goddess, as a part of the *Alamkara Darsana*. The last worship of the day is called *Ekantham*. Many Keralite festivals like *Sankraman*, and *Onam* are celebrated here besides Tamil festivals. They also celebrate a car festival.

An interesting feature of this temple is a car festival held by the local Catholic fishermen. These fishermen revere the goddess too, and worship her.

A recent addition to Kanyakumari is the Vivekananda Memorial. The memorial stands on the rock once known as the *Sripada Parai* (or the rock that bore the feet of the goddess *Sri*.) Legend says that the goddess Kanyakumari stood on this rock on one foot, for many months, praying to Lord Siva.

Swami Vivekananda chose this same rock for meditation.

The memorial is built in granite and is imposing to see.

Text. Prof. Pranab Ray
Photograph : Debabrata Banerjee

POETRY

JOURNEY

Zoom left the Rajdhani Express,
Its passengers reading the Indian Express.

Soon arrived at Baroda,
Where people ate hot wadas.

Stopped for food at Ratlam,
I wished I had my *Gokulam*.

Halted at a place called Kota,
Where water there was not an iota.

Relieved I was getting close to my destination,
Delhi, the capital of the nation.

Anand Ramanan, aged 12, Bombay - 400 042.





* A good game of cricket could mean dirt and grime all over your body.
A thorough wash is in order before you sit down to eat.....

THE TAPEWORM

Many people suffer from tapeworm. It may sound odd, but this type of flatworm can live inside the intestine of a human being.

You might have studied about it in biology. The tapeworm lives in the digestive tract of another bigger animal called a host. That means, the tapeworm itself is a parasite. It is almost always found in animals with a backbone — fish, man, dog, etc.

The tapeworm has no sense organs such as eyes and ears. It has no mouth or digestive system too. It has sucking discs on its head with the help of which it attaches itself to the intestines of its host. It absorbs dissolved and digested food through the walls of its body.

The tapeworm can be about $\frac{1}{25}$ th of an inch long. It can also be 30 feet long! Each adult tapeworm is both male and female.

But how ever do you get these tapeworms inside your digestive tracts?

You probably have been making mud pies, or little mud pots. After you play, you do not



POETRY

RAINBOW

When it rains,
When the rivers flood over
When children play in puddles,
And are happy,
We see a semi-circle,
With seven colours spreading,
What is it?
Rainbow.

**Santosh P. Iyer, aged 11,
Ahmedabad.**



wash your hands and nails properly.

The tapeworm passes fertilized eggs out of its body.

The eggs of the tapeworm could be present anywhere. For instance, it could have been there in the mud you played with.

A little while later, you eat food, and the little unseen eggs from under your nails pass into your body. These eggs hatch

into larvae which attach themselves to your intestines and grow into tapeworms! So you see how important it is to keep clean?

The tapeworm not only takes away the nourishing portions from its host's food, but also secretes poisonous substances. Tapeworms rarely cause death.

Nowadays, you have medicines to remove this parasite from your intestines. ■

FUN FACTS!

Shortest Man

Gul Mohammed of Delhi is the shortest man in the world. He is 57.15 cms tall!

Longest Finger Nails

Shridhar Chillal of Pune has the longest finger nails. The longest one is 452.5 cms long.

Longest Hair

Mata Jagadamba, a yogini of Ujjain has hair that is 5.4 metres long.

Threading a Needle

Dipak Syal of Yamunanagar holds this record. He threaded a strand of cotton through a needle 8927 times in two hours.

Balancing a Coin

Dipak Syal holds this record too. He balanced 253 one rupee coins on a vertical five rupee coin.



Clapping

V. Jeyaraman of Tamilnadu holds the record for continuous clapping. For 58 hours, 9 minutes, he clapped an average of 160 per minute!

The Oldest P.M.

Morarji Desai was the oldest prime minister. He took up office at the age of 81.

Compiled from the Guinness Book of Records, 1992, by Gopal Srinivasan, aged 15, Bangalore - 560 082.

INDIA IN THE GUINNESS BOOK



* Morarji Desai

Lost!

Whenever I travel by train, I am reminded of an incident which happened seven years ago, when I was six years old. My family, along with some relatives, had decided to go on a tour to Delhi. We were a total of sixteen people, and everything was planned to the last detail. Our tickets were reserved and our tour decided.

Finally the day dawned when we were to begin our journey. We boarded the train at the Bombay Central in the evening, and reached New Delhi the next morning.

As the train slowed down to halt at the station, I wanted to visit the toilet rather badly. I told my father my problem. He told me to make it quick.

The toilets in our compartments were already taken up. So I walked through the *vestibule* (the part that connects two compartments in a train) to the toilets in the next compartment.

After I had finished, I was rather curious about the going ons in the train.

Being of an inquisitive nature, I decided to explore. I had

completely forgotten my people waiting for me in the next compartment.

The train drew to a jolting halt at the station with a loud screeching sound.

That's when I remembered my parents, and looked around me. I was rather alarmed to find myself alone. I looked around for my father, but there was no sign of him. so I got down to the platform and walked back, looking for everybody.

I realized then that I had walked quite a way back.

I got scared and began to cry. A man came upto me and asked me what the matter was. I recognized him as one of the passengers who had travelled in the same compartment with us. I told him of my foolishness.

When he learnt that I was lost, he led me by the hand to my parents who were waiting outside the compartment in which we had travelled. They were all worried. Tears of joy flowed down my mother's cheeks when she saw me. She hugged me, thanking God all the time. We then visited a nearby temple and thanked the deity there.

What for me, was a little adventure, had turned out to be a nightmare for my family.

**Raguram Ganesan, aged 13,
O.L.P.S. High School,
Bombay.**

ANSWERS

Page 35

BRAIN-TEASER

1. W(INN)ING 2. GENE(RATE)S 3. BE(LONG)ING
4. COM(BIN)E 5. CUR(RENT)LY 6. RE(FUSE)D 7. C(RAW)LING
8. H(ALL)OW 9. ST(AND)ING 10. P(ASS)AGE 11. W(HIT)E

WORD GAME

1. Teeth 2. Neck 3. Eye
4. Head



Little Arun : I am glad I wasn't born in Germany!

Arul : Why?

Little Arun : 'Cause I can't talk German!

B.L. Bharath,
Bangalore - 560 008.

Page 39

ZOO



Father : Get up you lazy boy. Can't you see? The sun is up and you're still in bed.

Ajit : But daddy! The sun goes to bed at 6.00 p.m. and I go to bed at 10 o'clock!

K. Mayura, aged 9,
Madras - 600 082.



SNAKE FAKE!

On my tenth birthday, I invited my friends and relatives to a party. I got many presents, and the party ended successfully.

After everybody had gone, I was very anxious to open my gifts. I was very much attracted by a box wrapped in colourful paper.

Eagerly, I opened it and... SCREAMED! There was a snake in it.

"Snake, Snake!" I screeched, "Help!"

My father came running with a stick. But when he saw the snake, he began to laugh.

"It is a rubber snake," he said.

When I went to school the next day, I told the friend who had presented it to me what happened. She too laughed.

"I thought it was a good gift," she said. "For a person born in the month of April."

**Vidya Immaculate,
Madras - 600 033.**

Doctor : You have only twenty minutes to live. Do you want to see anyone?

Patient : Yes. Another doctor, please.

**C. M. Prithvi Raj, aged 12,
Kendriya Vidyalaya,
Madras.**



Teacher : What's the best way to store milk?

Anand : Leave it in the cow!

**K. Kowshik, aged 12,
Madras - 600 017.**

SPOOKY THRILLS

I was really thrilled when the principal informed us, the students of std. IX, that we were going on a social service camp. Our destination was a small village called Bahuli in Maharashtra. On reaching it, we were told to visit the villagers in their houses and talk to them.

As we went from house to house meeting the people of the village, a little girl suddenly told one of my classmates, "There is a ghost behind the village school."

All of us laughed at this, and my classmate only replied, "Ghosts do not exist. Don't be frightened of such things."

The sleeping arrangements for the night, were, coincidentally, made in the village school itself. As we all settled down in our makeshift beds, the teacher wished us goodnight, and took the candle with her. Here, I must mention that the school building was not provided with electricity.

It was a very dark night. A strong wind was blowing.



The Village Ghost

There were some festoons in the window, blowing eerily in the darkness.

Suddenly there was a scream, and one girl cried, "The window is opening and closing by itself!"

The teacher who had been awakened by the scream told her that she must have been dreaming.

"Go to sleep," she ordered. "The others have to sleep too."

But as soon as the teacher stepped out of the room, the girl screamed again. This time, she

RECIPE

BREAD JAMUN



Oil to fry

How to make it :

Cut each slice of bread into four pieces. Heat the oil in a pan. Fry all the bread pieces till they become a golden brown. In a separate vessel, make sugar syrup. Pour a little water with the sugar. Allow it boil till the sugar has dissolved completely. Remove from fire and put all the fried bread pieces in the syrup. Let it soak for five minutes. It is ready to eat.

A Quick Evening Snack You need :

5 slices bread
10 tsp. sugar

G. Anand,
Madras - 600 026.

continued to scream and scream, and began to cry too.

This frightened the rest of us. Another girl began to cry too.

But yes. Before you think that was a false alarm, let me tell you, there was a 'ghost'. We were all staring intently at the window. A dark head bobbed up and down.

When we told our teacher, she refused to believe us.

"A head bobbing up and down!" she said angrily. "What nonsense!"

She stepped near the window, and screamed.

"A hand just touched me!" she shouted. "I think somebody is doing it purposely to scare us."

Then all of us streamed

out of the village school, with our torches throwing light in front of us. We met a villager walking past and told him about our 'ghost'.

He began to laugh.

"There's no ghost here," he said, still laughing. "There are no toilets in the village. We relieve ourselves behind the school building. We shut the window, so that you might not see us. Then, on our way back, we re-opened the window."

We filed back into the room, laughing and talking all at once. The poor, innocent villagers were our ghosts!

Sujal Parulekar,
St. Joseph's High School,
Bombay 400 008.

PUZZLE

STATES AND CAPITALS

Given below is a grid with some letters filled in. The names of certain states and union territories are given below. Guess the names of their capitals and complete the grid.

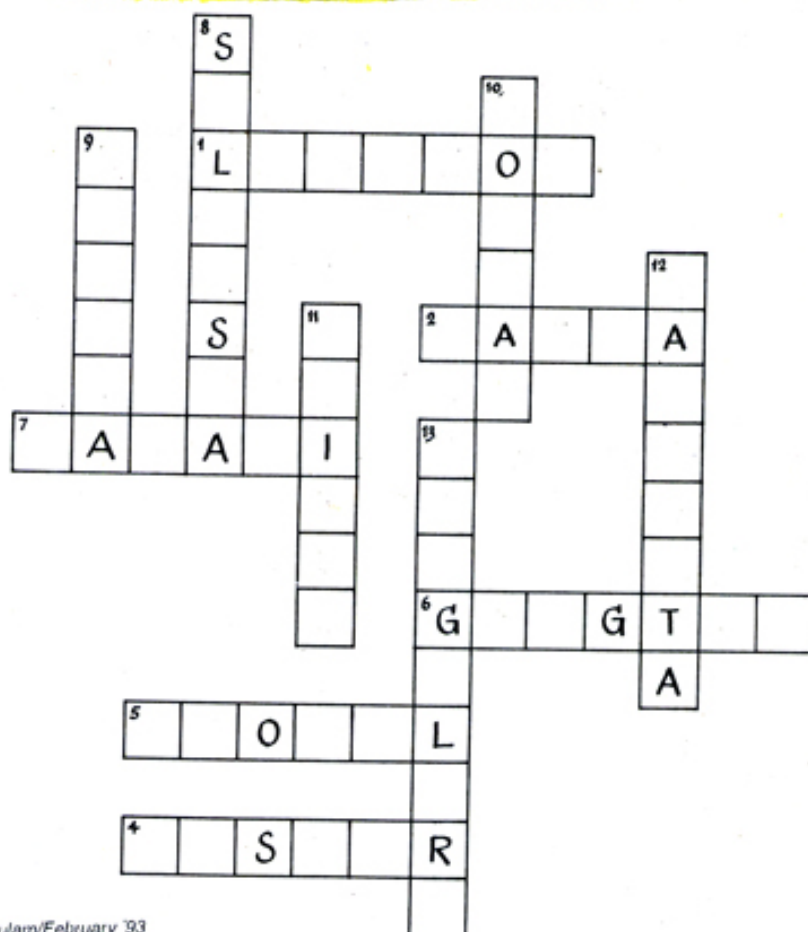
Across

- 1) Uttar Pradesh
- 2) Bihar
- 4) Assam
- 5) Madhya Pradesh
- 6) Sikkim
- 7) Goa

Down

- 8) Dadra and Nagar Haveli
- 9) Himachal Pradesh
- 10) Maharashtra
- 11) Rajasthan
- 12) West Bengal
- 13) Karnataka

Sunita Arya, aged 12, Calcutta - 700 017.



Solution on page 80



A way from the noisy crowd of the city, down a shady tree-lined road, stands a huge banyan tree. It has a thick crown of green leaves and many aerial roots hanging down. In the tree's shady trunk lives the Undir family — a family of four brown mice. Undir, as you might know, is the word for mouse in the Marathi language.

Papa and Mama Undir had built a cozy tree house. It was painted white on the inside and brown on the outside. Big Sister Undir, who was nearly seven years old, had her own room where she kept her toys, books and other belongings. She had one of the best shell collections in the neighbourhood. A box contained the many coloured stones and pebbles that she had found. Brother Undir, who was just a year old, had begun to follow Big Sister all around the house.

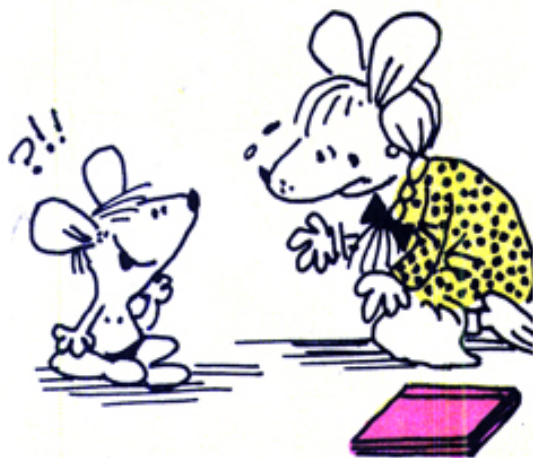
One afternoon, Sister Undir returned home from school as usual. But she was far from being her usual cheery self. She had brought home a note from Teacher Anita to be shown to Papa and Mama. As they were not yet home Sister went to talk to Little Brother.

"Do you know," she told him glumly. "I have to give this note to Mama and Papa."

Little Brother, who was too little to understand, just smiled back.

"Teacher says I don't take part in the school activities. Doesn't she understand that I feel just too shy to have all the others watch me? I do love singing and games. But alone! In front of all the others — I just can't manage it!"

"And do you know," she continued moodily, "Teacher Anita says I must take part in 'Show and Tell' this Friday!"





Show and Tell was held during morning assembly at school on Fridays. On each occasion, a mouse was supposed to bring something interesting to show the others, and talk about it in the assembly. Being shy, Big Sister had never volunteered for *Show and Tell* so far.

She went to her room to play with her toys until it was time to go to her karate class. Big Sister was a beginner in karate and wore a white belt. She enjoyed karate. Groups of children learnt bowing, blocks, punches, stances and katas. The karate teacher never singled out a mouse to perform separately!

Big Sister Undir continued to feel miserable as she sat at the table, drinking milk with Little Brother. She pushed her cup up and down the table, and then to the left and right.

"I don't like Teacher Anita!" she cried.

Little Brother couldn't understand what the matter with Big Sister was. He just looked at her surprised. Would she not laugh or play with him?

Just then papa returned home from work.

"What's the matter little one? Why haven't you left for karate class as yet?"

"Mmm... mmmm... I'm not feeling very well, Papa," she whispered. "I don't want to go anywhere."

"Let me feel your forehead," said Papa Undir gently. He placed his palm on Sister's forehead to check whether she had fever. He saw her cup still full of milk.

"Why! You haven't finished your milk as yet!" he exclaimed. "Look at your Little Brother. He's all done!"

"No trace of a fever," Papa said. "You look okay to me."

What's the matter? You usually like karate, don't you?"

"Karate's alright," mumbled Big Sister.

"Well, what then?" asked Papa.

"Nothing!" mumbled Big Sister once more. She continued to mess around with her milk.

Just as Papa was coaxing Big Sister to finish her milk, Mama Undir walked in.

"I've had a long day Papa!" exclaimed Mama. "I'm going to take a bath and put up my feet for a while."

Big Sister watched Mama go into her room to have a bath. She followed her, and burst into tears as she handed over Teacher's note to Mama. Mama held her close.

"Now sweetheart," she soothed. "What is this about? Calm down and tell me." Big Sister continued to cry as Mama read the note.

"Oh! Is that all?" Mama asked.

"Umm..., umm..., I'm just too shy and scared Mama!" wailed poor Big Sister. "I'll never be able to stand up in front of the entire assembly!"

"This Friday you have been asked to do *Show and Tell*. Why don't you run along to your room and pick out something interesting?"

That night Papa and Mama had a talk about Sister's problem.

"I was a shy boy myself," said Papa, and added, "I think we should just let her be. Let's not make her do what she can't."

"But look how uncomfortable and unhappy she is!" exclaimed Mama. "I think we should help her out."

The next day when mama peeped into Big Sister's room, she saw her talking to Brother Undir.

"Watch this!" she said. "I take some tape and stick these four

sheets of white paper together. See that! Now we have a really large square sheet! We can paint a nice big picture now!"

While Little Brother looked on curiously, Mama watched Big Sister go on.

"Take a thick paint brush like this one here and paint only on the left half of the sheet, like this."

Big Sister dabbed the bottom left corner with some brown



paint. Then followed some quick brush strokes of green paint on the top left side. She then folded the right half of the paper over the painted left half, while it was still wet, and pressed it firmly.

"Now to peel it open," she told Little Brother. "Look at that! It looks like a big tree! Its almost like our tree house! And it is even on both sides too!"

Brother Undir clapped his hands, and Big Sister jumped up and down with joy. Mama, who had been quietly watching, exclaimed, "Well done little one! You just completed a *Show and Tell* practise! I watched you explain it to Little Brother."

Just then Papa walked in.

"What's the commotion about?" he asked.

"Look what I painted Papa!" exclaimed Big Sister. "It's our tree house! I did it all by myself!" She continued excitedly, "Mama says I could use it for *Show and Tell*!"

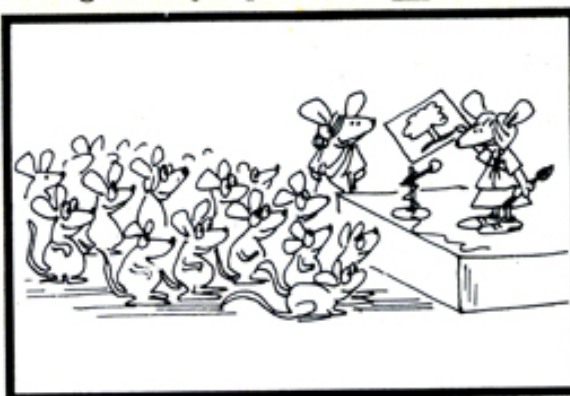
"You'll need some practise talking in front of other people." Mama explained.

And that's just what Big Sister did. She practised in her room in front of her toys. She practised in front of the mirror. She practised in front of Mama and Papa.

"You're doing a great job!" Papa clapped.

"But I haven't practised in front of the school! And I can't see how I can do that!" sighed Big Sister.

"You will face many situations in life that



you just can't practise for," said Mama. "But you've just got to go ahead and do your best."

"But I'll get nervous!" said

Big Sister, worried once more.

"You most probably will!" said Mama.

"Will I?" exclaimed poor Sister.

"You're making her nervous!" frowned Papa.

"Of course everybody gets nervous when they face an audience — especially in the beginning" explained Mama. "Even famous actors, politicians, and even your teachers! But that's perfectly

natural. And you are a very normal mouse!"

Mama continued, "Of course some mice are shyer than others. But once you know that its okay to feel the way you do, you'll feel fine very soon!"

That Friday, Sister Undir volunteered to do *Show and Tell*. She took her symmetric tree painting to school and explained how she had done it.

"Did you fold the paper while it was still wet?" asked her friend from the audience.

There were other questions too. Big Sister Undir answered all the questions very nicely. All

the little mice clapped their hands. Big Sister overheard a whisper between two of her class-mates, "Its her first time, but she sure did a great job!"

Big Sister's face shone with pleasure.

When the assembly was over, Teacher Anita called her aside and gave her a pat on the back, saying, "It wasn't so bad was it? You were very good. I'm asking Art Teacher to try this method of symmetric pictures during the next art class."

Big Sister blushed. She felt very warm and pleased inside! The note from Teacher had been worth it after all!

ANURADHA KHATI

In a bus —

Mother : That's good! I see you didn't litter the sweet wrapper on the floor. Where did you put it?

Vinod : In the pocket of the man sitting next to me.

**K. N. Vivek, aged 13,
Secunderabad - 500 026.**



Gangster : Put your hands up!

Vinu : Where?

Gangster : Above your head.

Vinu : Promise you won't tickle me!

**Ragav, aged 13,
Kendriya Vidyalaya,
Hyderabad.**



A CLOCK STOPPED, BUT TIME RUNS ON...

The month of December in 1992, saw one of the worst communal acts in the history of our nation. For a few days, all Indians sat tensely, wondering what would happen next. For the four century old monument built by Babar was reduced to rubble.

January 30th is the day Gandhiji was assassinated in 1948 by V.N. Godse. The Father of Our Nation stood for peace and Hindu-Muslim unity. Even though he is no more, we should remember the legacy he left us.

To you and me today, it is important that we carefully choose the way we

live. Gandhiji was a great man for all time. The ideas he gave us are there for us to follow for generations to come.

History comes to us through books. We keep reading about great men and their lives. But the way we live matters too.

It does not matter what religion you or I belong to. It does not matter what our caste is, what our language is. Just look into ourselves - are we human? Do we lead good lives?

Time runs on, and we trot along with it, making history. Let not our children read about what we did and bow their heads in shame.





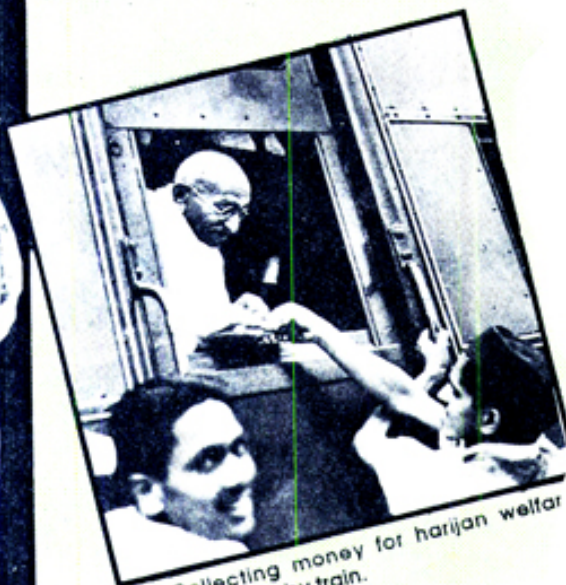
* Gandhiji as a barrister at Johannesburg, South Africa.



* Gandhiji and Kasturba on their return to India from South Africa.



* The famous Dandi March... with Sorojini Naidu.



* Collecting money for harijan welfare while travelling by train.



* Engrossed in serious discussion when the 'Quit India' resolution was passed in 1942.

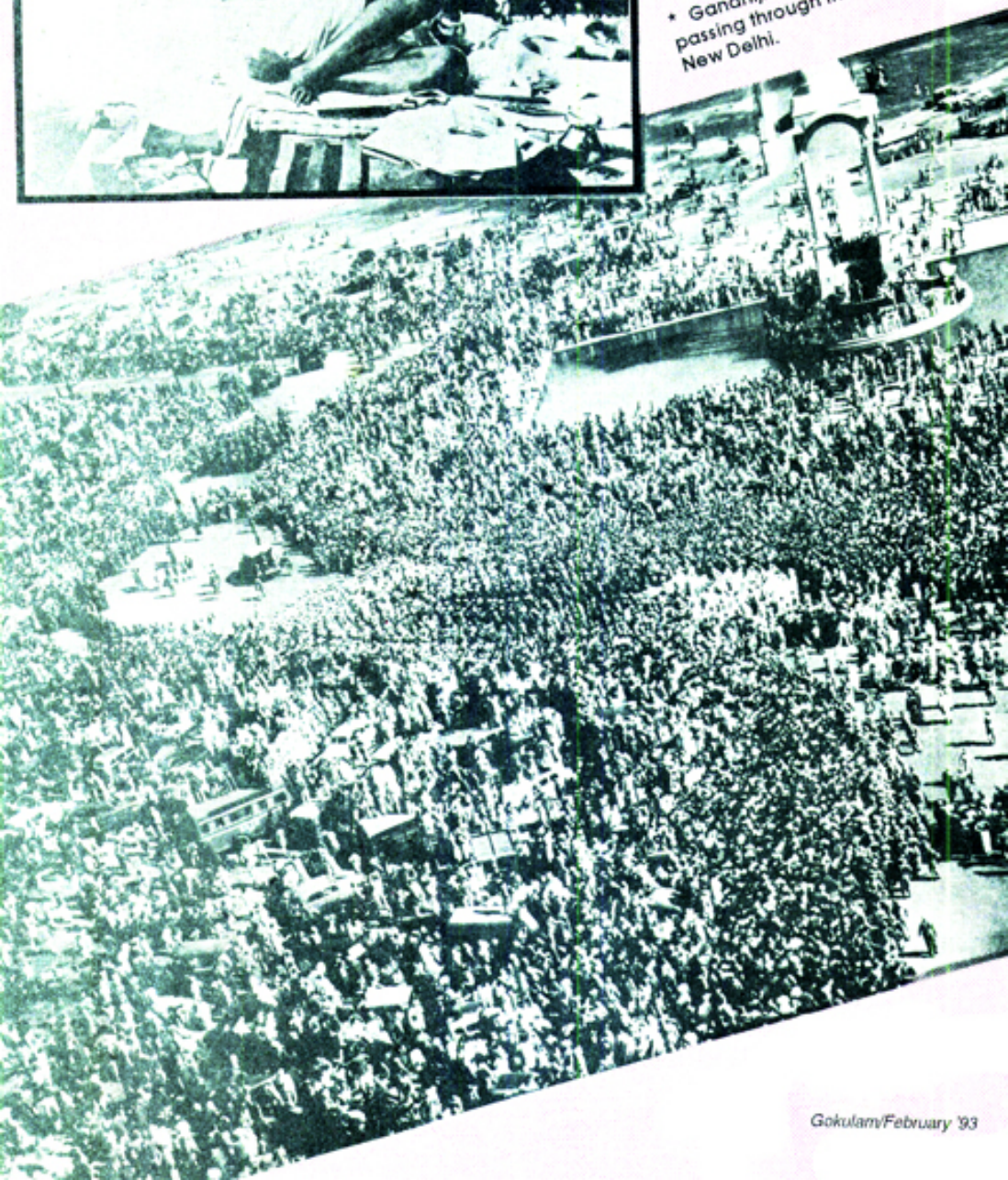
* Taking the help of Rajaji's daughters Lakshmi and Nemaqiri.



* A few things that Gandhi used - chappals, wooden sandals, watch, spectacles, bowl, spoon, and a book of songs.



* Gandhiji's funeral procession passing through India Gate, New Delhi.



Like everyone else, I too wanted a puppy of my own. My father and sister liked dogs too. I wanted an Alsatian. But my mother was totally against the idea of keeping such a big dog.

One Sunday, my sister and I were sleeping late as usual. So we were really surprised when our mother woke us up at 7.30 and told us, "There's something new for you today!"

We followed her to the drawing room and got another surprise.

A puppy, white as snow, was running about the room. My sister was delighted. But I was not too happy, since it did not have any pedigree papers and...it was a pomeranian!

"How can I keep a dog which does not have pedigree papers?"

EXPERIENCE

My First Pup

I asked my father. "What will I tell my friends when they ask about its family tree?"

"Do you think a dog cannot be cute without a pedigree?" my father asked me.

"Where did you get it?" I asked him.

"While I was jogging around the block," he explained. "I met an old woman walking this puppy. I thought I should buy it for you, and that's how!"

Some days later, I too began to love the cute little puppy. We named her Elsa.

Now I wonder how I didn't like her at all, just because she did not have any pedigree papers!

**Kunal Punera, aged 12,
Goa.**

Anu : This year my grandpa celebrated his eighteenth birthday.

Minu : What?

Anu : He was born on February 29th.

**Abishek Srikumar, aged 12,
Madras - 600 018.**



Always Be Careful

Every day we have road accidents in our city. Other than the really big accidents, we also have the small ones that could happen to each one of us, even in school. Such accidents show us that we should be careful in little things too. Let us have a look at

an accident which happened when I was in the VIth standard.

Though I was in the VIth standard and a big boy comparatively, my friends and I used to play running and catching on the LKG slide during breaks and school intervals.

As soon as the bell rang, our whole gang would run to the slides. We would play our own games without allowing the little ones their right.

Thus, one day, we were playing as usual after eating our

ANIMAL FILE

The Hippo

Animals that have hoofs, and have an even number of toes are grouped in the order, *Artiodactyla*. The family *Hippopotamidae*, of which the animal Hippopotamus is a member, belongs to this order too.

The hippo has four toes on each of its feet. It is a water loving mammal. It was very common in water habitats all over Africa. But now, man has spread his habitations, and the hippo has been forced to move. It is now found only in certain areas in that continent.

The hippo weighs about 3 to 4.5 tonnes. The largest hippo

can measure about 15 feet in length. ■



lunches. My friend Arun was the catcher. The rest of us began to run. But after climbing the steps of the slide, one boy slipped and fell to the ground. Yes, that boy was me!

I almost fainted with pain. I was rushed to the school doctor. But he was not there. So the principal, with the peon's help put a rough sling on my right hand. For that hand had been fractured. When the doctor returned, he attended to my hand and bandaged it properly.

I could not write the annual examinations because of my injured hand. I had to lie indoors for two months.

Thus, when the vacations came, my parents too were stuck at home with me.

I could have avoided the accident if I had not played carelessly that day.

**R. Jairaj, std. VII,
Vidya Mandir, Madras.**

The Rhino

Birds that give company to the rhino warn it of danger. When a rhino begins to charge at an enemy, it can prove to be really dangerous. ■

The Rhinoceros is a big, thick-skinned mammal. Its name comes from the Greek words meaning 'nose' and 'horn'. It is generally found in southern Asia, East Indies, and Africa.

The rhino has small eyes and poor sight. But it has a keen sense of smell and hearing. It has folds of skin on its back. The horn on its snout can be even about a foot long. For centuries, this horn has been used in certain medicines. That is why the rhino, even today, is illegally hunted for its horn.

The white rhino (it is actually grey in colour) of Africa has two horns.



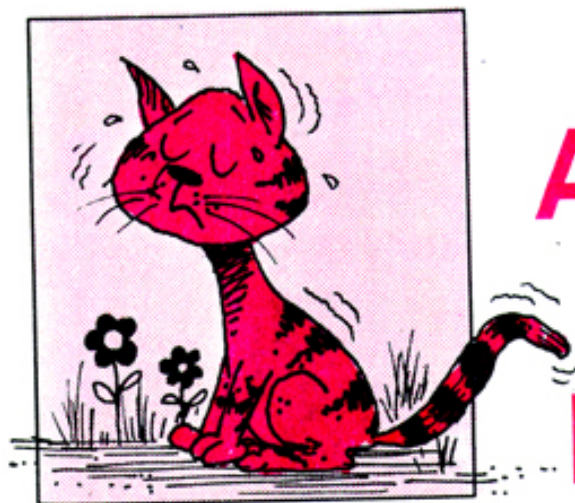
It was early summer. My brother was writing his public examinations for the first time. I had my summer holidays. He used to go to school in the mornings. I used to be left alone at home with my mother for a few hours.

One day as usual, I was leisurely brushing my teeth at around 8.30 in the morning. I was standing outside in the garden beside the compound wall. The area

all around me. But I found nothing! It was a mystery.

My mother called me in to have breakfast. It was nearly 9.45. Again, after breakfast, I went outside to see if I could see any kitten. This time I saw it! It was small and white, and it scampered into a hidden hole in the ground as soon as it saw me.

So, that's where the kitten had been hiding all the while — in a 'burrow' of its own!



The Animal in the Burrow

was overgrown with plants and bushes.

Suddenly I heard a sound.

"Meow, meow!"

I looked around, but I couldn't see anything. So I went inside the house to have my morning milk.

A few minutes later, I heard the same sound, louder this time, "Meow, meow!"

I eagerly ran outside into the garden. I quietly stepped around as not to frighten the kitten. I looked

I didn't know where the kitten had come from. This was my first close look at a lovely tiny kitten. I was very excited.

I went into my room. All the while I was planning how to catch hold of it. Time passed, and the clock struck one. My brother was home, after having finished his science exam. I told him all about the kitten.

He was very fond of cats. He too wanted to try catching it. We began to discuss how we would do it.

"Don't try anything of that sort!" warned my mother. "There could be snakes in the hole."

So my brother abandoned our plans and began studying for his next exam.. I began to play with our pet dog, Jimmy.

Evening. It was time for my father to return from the office. As soon as he was through the front door, I told him all about the kitten. Since he too was fond of animals, he showed an interest in our little visitor.

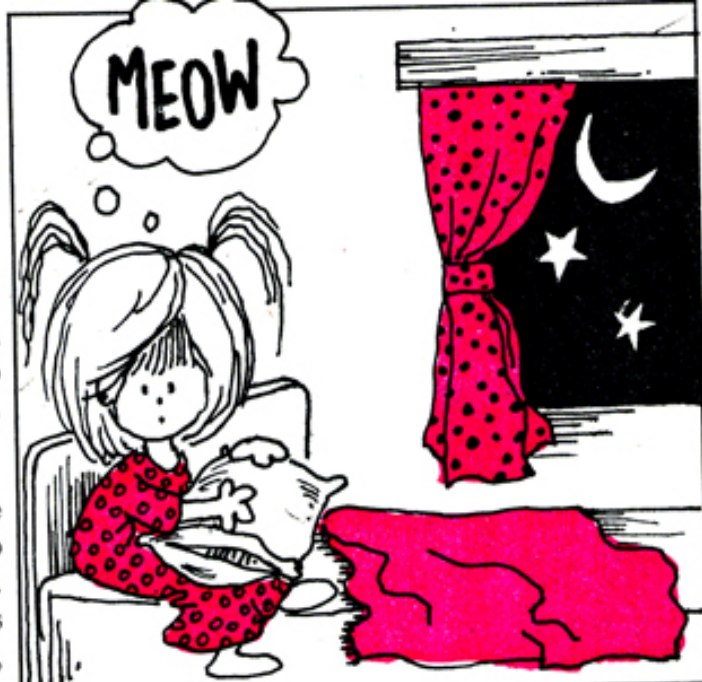
"Don't waste time running after the kitten," my mother advised my brother. "Study for your exams. It is not good getting distracted like this."

My father thought so too. So our plans were abandoned for a last and final time that day.

That night, I couldn't sleep in peace. From time to time, I heard "Meow, meow!" from the garden.

The next morning, everybody was busy. My brother was rushing off to his exam. Mother was preparing breakfast, and father was off to the office. I went outside to brush my teeth as usual. A horrible sight awaited me.

The kitten was lying dead near the burrow. I called out to



my mother and brother. They were horrified too. We were sure that it was Jimmy's handiwork.

The kitten was lying in a pool of blood. Jimmy was never chained at nights. So we guessed what had happened.

But could we blame Jimmy for it? How was he to know that what he did was wrong?

We went inside the house. Jimmy wagged his tail when he saw us. My brother and I could not eat our breakfast, nor could we eat lunch that day.

The animal world is different from the world of humans....

**I. Sofia Rani,
Madurai.**

Dear Sofia Rani,

You have not given your complete address. Please send it to us. Ed.

Q

U

I

Z

I

1. What is a group of nightingales called?
2. In which country was the cat first domesticated?
3. What is the science dealing with weather and climate?
4. Study of bones -?
5. Study of coins -?



II

1. Which day is known as Earth Day?
2. Which day is known as World Environment Day?
3. Who is known as the *Father of English poetry*?

4. Which hill station is known as the '*Queen of hill Stations*'?

5. Which country is the largest producer of wool?

III

1. What is old name for Orrisa?
2. In which year was the state of Madhya Pradesh created?

IV

1. Which day is known as the World Forestry Day?
2. Man of destiny -?
3. What is somniloquy?

P. Gavin Kumar Reddy,
aged 14,
Trichy - 14.

V

1. What is the capital of Australia?
2. Who built *Fathepur Sikri*?
3. Which is the largest desert in the world?
4. Who was the founder of the Parsi religion?

VI

1. When and where was the atom bomb first dropped?
2. When was the Suez Canal opened to traffic?



VIII

1. Which is the smallest country in the world?
2. On which river is the city of Rome situated?
3. What was once East Pakistan is now called -?
4. Who was the youngest President of USA?

IX

1. Who wrote *Treasure Island*?
2. Who wrote *Gulliver's Travels*?
3. Where and when was the first edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* published?
4. Who created the comic strip "Dennis the Menace"?

**N.K. Briju Prasad,
Bangalore - 560 003.**

VII

3. Which is the heaviest liquid?
4. Who was the author of *The Mahabharata*?
1. What is the capital of Ethiopia?
2. What is the currency of Denmark?
3. What is the national game of Australia?
4. What is the national game of Scotland?
5. How many players are there in rugby football?

**C.U. Arvind,
aged 11,
Jamshedpur
- 831 009.**



Dennis the Menace

Didn't ya hear us?



**Answers
on next
page**



ANSWERS

I

1. A watch
2. Egypt
3. Meteorology
4. Osteology
5. Numismatics

II

1. 22nd April
2. 5th June
3. Geoffery Chaucer
4. Mussoori
5. Australia

III

1. Utkal
2. November 1st, 1956

IV

1. March 21st
2. Napoleon
3. Talking in one's sleep

V

1. Canberra
2. Akbar
3. The Sahara

4. Zarathushtra

VI

1. At Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945
2. In 1869
3. Mercury
4. Ved Vyas

VII

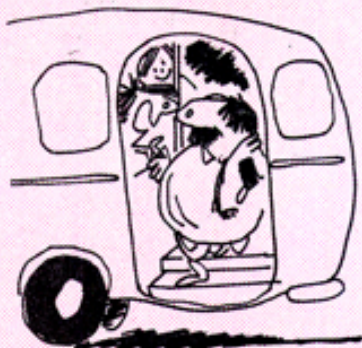
1. Addis Ababa
2. Krone
3. Cricket
4. Rugby football
5. 15 players

VIII

1. The Vatican City
2. The Tiber
3. Bangladesh
4. John F. Kennedy

IX

1. Robert Louis Stevenson
2. Jonathan Swift
3. Edinburgh, Scotland, in December 1769
4. Hank Ketcham



Fat man (*getting off a bus*) : Conductor, this bus was very slow.
Conductor : Now that you are getting off, it will pick up speed.

Royston Affonso
 Bombay - 400 058.

The Price of Water

Based on a story sent by
Naman Baliga,
Bangalore - 560 041.

Illustration : CARO





THE FARMER SHOWED THE RAJA THE WAY OUT OF THE FOREST...



AT THE PALACE —



THE MINISTERS WERE SURPRISED...



THE
RAJA
OVERHEARD
THEM.





Page 21

TRICKSTER

1. Madhya Pradesh
2. Maharashtra
3. Gujarat
4. Bihar
5. Kerala
6. Rajasthan

5. Sudan-Khartoum
6. Turkey-Ankara
7. Spain-Madrid
8. Cuba-Havana

SPOT THE CREATURES

Elephant, ant, anteater, ter-
rapin, worm, manatee, eel,
duck, kangaroo, octopus, swan,
antelope, pelican, newt, tiger,
lion, alligator, rook, koala,
lapwing, giraffe, camel, dog,
goat.

COUNTRIES AND CAPITALS!

1. Iran-Tehran
2. Mongolia-Ulaan Baatar
3. Egypt-Cairo
4. Peru-Lima

Page 59

States and Capitals



A TOURNAMENT FOR THE NEW YEAR

Sports lovers in Madras will have something new to watch out for, this season. An international football tournament! The arena — the specially reconstructed Nehru Stadium, gleaming and new, on par with any other international stadium. From January 19 to February 3, 40,000 football fans will see the games being played in the stadium.

* The Nehru Stadium of old...

The city of Madras has had no good stadium so far. Three years ago, when it was invited to host the same tournament, the city declined. The reason — the existing stadia were not sufficient to host a tournament of international standards.

Football has been popular all over the world for more than 100 years. But it took India a long time to join in. It was only after independence that sports got a 'lift', with the interest shown by Jawaharlal



THE STADIUM

The city of Madras now boasts of a multipurpose stadium built to international standards. The Nehru Stadium was built to FIFA and International Amateur Athletics Federation standards.

It can seat 40,000 spectators. There is also an exclusive space for VIP's and dignitaries. This gallery,

which can hold 500 people, is air-conditioned and has special security systems like bullet-proof glass and electronic surveillance.

Three gates are provided with ticket booths and queuing areas.

The press too, is given a section of the stadium fitted with computers, fax and telex to ensure good coverage of events.



There are also electronic transmission equipment to aid them. The media gallery has rest-rooms and restaurants too!

An international athletic field (natural turf), and running track with a synthetic surface form a part of the stadium.

Dormitory accomodation is provided for both men and women. The players are housed in a clean environment provided with kitchen and catering facilities. ■



Nehru. He had been the brain behind the Asian games, which he inaugurated in Delhi in 1951. Thus, in 1982, the *All India Football Federation* or the AIFF, decided to conduct an annual international tournament named after Panditji.

Nine tournaments have been held so far. (The tournament was not held last year for various reasons.) The Indian team who play this tournament can get a little exposure playing with teams from other countries. But India has won less than three matches in all the nine tournaments put together.

Indian football went through its golden period in the late sixties and early seventies. This was when it won a gold medal for football in the Asian Games, and a few other prestigious international tournaments. But so far, India has not qualified for any Olympics or world cup.

This year's tournament participants include Romania, Russia, Algeria, Bolivia, Cameroon, Korea, Finland and other countries.

By the time this issue hits the book-stalls, the tenth *Jawaharlal Nehru Gold Cup Invitational International Football Tournament* would have

* The Nehru Stadium being reconstructed...



LEO-the mascot

The official mascot for this football tournament is Leo. Football, universally thought of as the king of sports, now has an apt symbol. Leo was specially chosen for this game which not only needs strength but also agility.

Football is thought to be the first game to be played by pre-historic man. The human skull was used as a football then!

'Leo' is a mixture of yellow, green and brown. These colours were carefully chosen — green representing the football field, yellow representing a good occasion and brown, to show that it is a rugged, earthy sport. ■

been kicked off long since. Whether the ball will roll nicely for India - we'll have to wait and watch.

But the new stadium is surely a bonanza for sports spectators in Tamil Nadu. They can look forward to watching many

other international games which can now be hosted in the Nehru stadium. It now stands majestic and proud, and was constructed in just eight months, time!

ARJUN



Teacher : Can you tell me where elephants are found?

Silly Sonu : But miss! Elephants are so big that they are hardly ever lost!

**Bobby Diwakar, aged 12,
Bangalore - 560 054.**

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A STITCH IN TIME...

“Mummy!” shouted Ravi. “Is breakfast ready?”

It was 8.55 already and the school bell rang at 9 o'clock!

“It’s on the table, Ravi!” his mother said. She began to serve his breakfast on a plate.

Ravi gulped down the food as quickly as possible and pedalled his cycle as fast as he could, to school.

But no! As much as he hoped to the contrary, he was late again! He stood in the late line after prayers, and ran thrice around in the football field. And as soon as he entered class sheepishly, a thorough scolding awaited him. Ravi lost half-a-day’s attendance.

Back at home, Ravi shouted at his mother “Why didn’t

you give me breakfast in time? I was late to school again! I’ve lost half a day’s attendance because of you!”

“Breakfast was ready and on the table, Ravi”, his mother replied calmly.

“It’s Anu’s fault too,” shouted Ravi. “She eats so slowly it makes me late!”

Anu was Ravi’s little sister. She was a slow eater. So sometimes, Ravi had to wait for her to finish breakfast - for on some days he would give her a lift on his cycle.

But the real reason for his lateness to school was that he woke up late. Both his parents tried to make him get up early from bed. But Ravi never bothered.



The next day, Ravi woke up at 7.00 a.m. He then began his homework. He had spent the previous evening playing with his friends, had dinner and gone straight to bed.

At 8.30 a.m. he went for a hurried bath, zoomed to the dining table at 8.45. Breakfast had been on the table from 8 o'clock.

Anu, who had been ready by 8.30 that morning had already walked to school. But alas, for Ravi. Once again, he was late. And a fine scolding awaited him at school.

Once again, he was very upset when he returned home.

When his father came back from office that evening, he asked Ravi, "Were you late again today?"

"Yes, daddy," replied a sheepish Ravi.

"Get up early just once tomorrow, Ravi," said his father. "See if you are able to make it on time. Just try it."

So the next morning, Ravi was up at 5 o'clock. He had completed his homework and even cleaned his room by 8 o'clock.

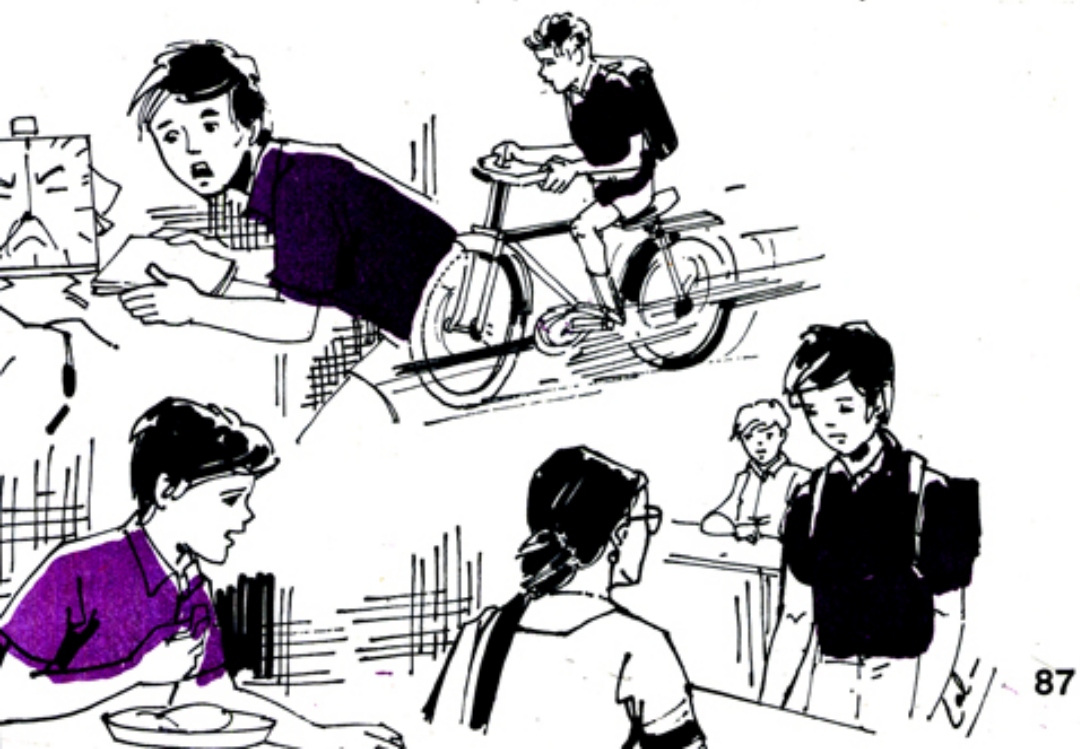
At 8.30, he was ready to take off from home. And that day, he was at school on time!

One of his friends asked, "How did the sun rise from the west to day?"

Ravi laughed heartily. That day passed off peacefully for him.

After that, Ravi was never late for school.

S. Ananth, aged 13, Lucknow - 226 010.



Cleanliness is next to Godliness

This happened to my friend Ramya when we were studying in std. V.

Ramya loved to eat snacks of all kinds. She would buy all sorts of things and eat. She did not even mind if the stuff was sold on the road-side, and was displayed uncovered.

There was a little shop on the road-side next to our school. Its contents were not only open to human view, but to the view of all flies and other insects too. It sold samosas, cakes, biscuits, chocolates, etc.

Ramya used to bring money to school daily. She bought samosas and cakes to eat in the evenings after school.

Her other friends and I would tell her not to buy

the unhygienic stuff, but Ramya never listened. Ramya's mother too told her never to eat such food, when she came to know of it. But, alas! Did Ramya listen? Not she!

One evening, she bought more samosas and cakes than usual and had a feast.

The next day, Ramya did not come to school. That evening, I went to see her at home, along with other friends in our group. Ramya was resting in bed from a stomach upset. We were all very sorry for her and kept her company for a long time, cheering her up.

But the stomach upset did not stop there. It progressed into typhoid fever. Ramya was absent from school for three months.

Her attendance fell short of the required number of days, and Ramya missed a year of studies.

So, what started as a snack eating spree, ended up in illness and missing school.

B. Mahima Shivanuja,
aged 11,
S.K.M.H.S.High School,
Madras.

Q : What do frogs drink?

A : Croak - a - cola!

Veena K. Raman,

Miraj - 416 410.



Dear Editor,

Nowadays many students are forced to join private tuition classes, even if they don't like it. This is because of the poor quality of teaching being imparted in schools.

Moreover, classes are over crowded in most schools. So students do not get individual attention from the teachers.

D. Rajeshwar babu,
aged 16,
Trivandrum - 695 009.

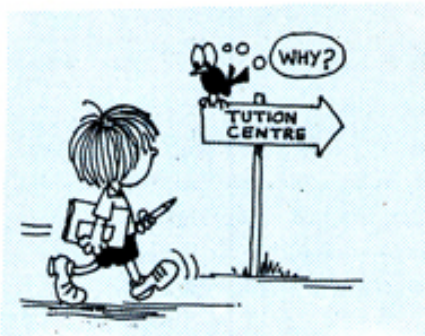
Dear Editor,

Navratri is over, and I wish to share an experience with you.

My mother did not take me along for inviting friends,

and relatives to see our *kolu*.

Boy's are not supposed to come," she told me. "It is a girl's function."



Am I not being discriminated then?

R. Niranjan, aged 9,
Calcutta - 700 029.

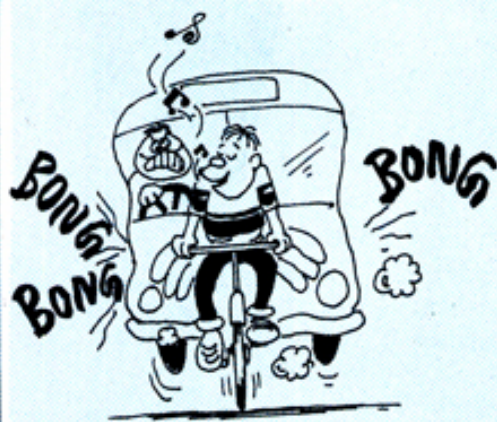
Dear Editor,

This is with reference to Pankaj Bafna's letter in the January issue. He said that cyclists are ignored by pedestrians as well as car drivers.

But I think cyclists can be at fault too. I have seen them riding down the centre of the road obstructing other traffic. They do not move to the side in spite of us sounding the horn.

Some even try 'heroics' in front of the trucks and cars. Cyclists should also try to respect traffic rules.

R. Vivek,
Bombay - 400 081.



Dear Editor,

I agree with Vidya Krishnamurthy (December issue) and Ashok Ramnath (January issue). Nowadays, people do not think about a clean environment at all. They just spit where they want and throw rubbish on the roads.

One day, I saw the lady next door, wash her face in a ditch outside her house. I didn't understand why she did that when she probably has a washbasin in her house!

Preethi Nagaraj, Std. VI,
Carmel Convent School,
Bangalore.

Dear Editor,

I read Vinay Kumar's letter in the December issue. I too had the same problem when I joined a new school. I suggest he talks to one of his class-mates and tries to understand what the problem is.

**Malavika Bhagwat, aged 13,
Coimbatore.**

Dear Editor,

I partially agree with Anush J. (December issue) that most disputes are caused by ignorant people. But politics play a role in most controversies too. And middle-class people are the most affected by these disputes.

**L. Gomathy, aged 9,
Trivandrum - 2.**

Dear Editor,

Today, not only India, but the whole world has been rocked by the developments in Ayodhya. They pose a serious threat to the secular nature of our country. The damage caused by the *kar sevaks* to the Babri Masjid should be condemned.

I think the Kalyan Singh ministry should have been dismissed long before.

The arrest of certain B.J.P. and V.H.P. leaders was a good decision.

The people of India should retain their presence of mind and learn to live in peace.

**R. Sindhu, Std. VIII,
Sacred Hearts H.S.,
Bangalore.**

Dear Editor,

The meaning of *kar seva* is to construct and not to destruct. If we are concerned so much about Hinduism, we must first remember that it is the religion of humanity. Our so-called Hindu leaders did

not think twice about the possible communal feelings they might arouse. Why did they do it?

Destroying the Babri Masjid structure not only has destroyed what we have built up so far, but has also put a big black dot in the pages of Indian History.

**B. Chandrasekhar, aged 14,
Bhilai - 490 006.**



Dear Editor,

It is very sad to see the Ram-Jan-mabhoomi-Babri Masjid issue end up like this. Such an act of vandalism shouldn't have taken place. India is first and foremost a developing country.

Such issues at this time can only hamper the growth of the country.

I cannot understand why the *kar sevaks* destroyed the mosque structure. They could have easily built a temple close by. There are so many temples in the city of Ayodhya, the birth place of Lord Rama.

Isn't the masjid a 16th century monument to be preserved for posterity? The damage done is not much to our secularism as to the traditions of our country.

Now some political parties have asked for our P.M.'s resignation. What our country needs is stability, and not disputes of this sort.

**Shabana Rehman, aged 15,
Kerala.**

Dear Editor,

I watched the news yesterday. The focus was the Ayodhya issue. *Kar Sevaks*



pull down the Babri Masjid, and there are riots all over the country. Hundreds die and curfew is clamped...

I think the *kar sevaks* did two wrong things. By destroying the mosque, they repeated Babar's act. Secondly, they defied the law and pulled down a historical monument.

**Anand Sekhar, aged 10,
Vidyaniketan, Bangalore.**

Dear Editor,

I am very disturbed by the turn the Babri Masjid issue has taken. Is not a Hindu a Muslim too?

Rabindranath Tagore has given us the pledge — "All Indians are my brothers and sisters...." Are we not of the same blood then?

**A. Anjeetha, aged 12,
Kerala - 678 701.**

Dear Editor,

I was deeply saddened by the demolition of the Babri Masjid complex. But I do not agree with the centre's decision that imposed President's Rule in M.P., H.P., and Rajasthan.

**P. Anand, aged 16,
Madras - 101.**

Dear Editor,

I felt very bad that the masjid in Ayodhya was pulled down to build a Ram temple. Why should they choose the same spot in Ayodhya to build a temple? Maybe there had been a temple at that very same spot. But was it necessary for the *kar sevaks* to repeat the same sin which they considered had been committed by Babar?

**K.S. Vijayalakshmi, aged 14,
Florence English H.S., Bangalore.**

Patient : Doctor, doctor! I am having trouble with my breathing.

Doctor : I see! Well, I'll give you something to stop it.

**Bobby Diwakar, aged 12,
Bangalore - 560 054.**



Anjali lived down Seethamma Street. She was

STORY

brown, sweet and homeless. Before you wonder what I am talking about, let me explain. Anjali is a young cow. I say 'young cow', because Anjali had just grown out of her calf-hood, and was not quite into her cow-hood as yet.

Like I told you before, Anjali was homeless. Nobody seemed to want her — no milkman, or kind-hearted animal lover. So, she lived at the bus-stop down Seethamma Street.

times of the day. A vendor selling different kinds of fresh and coloured juices stood beside the bus-stop. He squeezed pineapples and oranges, and mashed bananas to make juices. Anjali liked this vendor very much.

She often thought, "What will I do for delicacies if this man weren't here?"

For Anjali got the peels and pulp of the fruits from which the juices were made.

ANJALI

Having lived all her life with humans around her, Anjali was more human than cowish. She'd probably recognize a human when she saw one, but if she saw a cow, she'd probably think, "What's this creature?"

So now you know all about Anjali. Let me proceed on to how she was arrested for the first time in her life.

Seethamma Street was a populated place. So the bus-stop was quite populated too, all



The vendor too liked Anjali as much as she liked him.

Anjali was the most frequent customer at the little stall. Anjali would stand with the little crowd of thirsty

people gathered around the vendor, gently poke her muzzle through to form a path, and stand close to the cart.

"Shoo you cow!" the vendor would tell her affectionately.

So if you ever walked into Seethamma Street, you'd probably see this brown cow

with its horns not quite grown out, standing at the bus-stop as if waiting for a bus too. The drivers and conductors of all the buses that went through that area knew Anjali. Some of them liked her too. Anjali often got little presents like a banana, or an apple from time to time.

Thus everybody who knew Anjali liked her. Until a new family moved into house No. 4 in Seethamma Street. This new family consisted of a brother and sister, and a father and a

ard VII was quite thirsty. He elbowed his way past the waiting people to the vendor and asked for a glass of pineapple juice. Anjali too was there.

"Shoo you horrible animal!" screamed brother, waving his hand out at Anjali. She thought that brother was giving her something to eat, and began to trot towards him. Now, brother, in his heart of hearts, was really a coward. When he saw a real live cow trotting towards him, he began to run.

Anjali pursued him.

"Shoo, shoo!" cried brother desperately.

The chase

IN JAIL

mother, and alas! They did not like animals of any kind at all. So the moment they saw Anjali standing at the bus-stop so casually, they were not at all pleased.

"What does that cow think of herself?" muttered the brother to his family. The other three just contented themselves with glaring at her. So poor Anjali, through no fault of her own, had four enemies.

The brother and sister went by bus to school everyday. Everytime they passed Anjali, they would make faces at her.

One day, it so happened that brother, who studied in stand-

went on for about ten minutes. Everyone in the area knew Anjali well, and did not think that she would harm the boy. So they simply enjoyed the scene and rolled with laughter.

Meanwhile, the vendor took pity on brother and ran after them with a banana skin. Distracted, Anjali turned away, and brother was saved.

The boy never forgot the incident. He told his angry family about it, and waited for an opportunity for revenge.

Another day, sister stood at the bus stop one early morning. She had an important test that day, and her nose was

buried in a text-book. Her school bag hung on her shoulder, full of papers and notes.

Anjali was walking about the bus stop greeting all her old friends. All of them had some present or tit bit for her.

"Munch, munch," went Anjali going from person to person.

She reached sister, whose mind was full of puzzling equations and formulae. (It was maths exam you see, and sister was a not quite particularly a good student.)

Anjali gently nuzzled her side. Sister hardly noticed her as she was determined to study as much as possible in the short time she had before the bus came.

Anjali looked at sister. Surely she had something to give her? She gently put her head around sister. What was that peeking out of that bag? Hmm... looks like something to eat.

Some new delicacy? So Anjali solemnly decided to taste it on her own. She gently pulled out a sheet of paper. It was scrawled all over with equations and sums.

"Munch, munch," went Anjali. "Quite tasty...." she thought. She pulled out another sheet.

Soon, it looked as if Anjali was having a complete meal.

"Finished this theory," sighed sister, closing her text-book.

She put her hand into her bag, and looked down at it.

What? No papers? She looked up to see the last bit of paper hanging out of Anjali's jaws.

"Munch, munch," went Anjali, looking at sister with her gentle eyes. (If she could have, she would have smiled at sister and said a joyful thank you.)

But sister only alarmed our poor gentle heroine.

"Yeow!" she screamed. "My papers. My notes. My formulae. You terrible monster. You've eaten them up."

Then sister, who was made of braver stuff than brother began to beat Anjali.

Anjali, who had never been beaten in her life was rather alarmed.

She recoiled in horror and pain.

It was then that the vendor and Anjali's other friends came to her rescue. They pulled Anjali away from sister's blows.

"Don't ever beat the poor cow," they said. "She is harmless. Anybody can make a mistake. Forget the papers."

Now it was sister's turn to smoulder in anger, and tell a sorry tale to her family.

And then, the nasty family decided to take action against Anjali. They went to the police station and registered a complaint against her. The constable on beat on Seethamma Street was given the responsibility of arresting Anjali.

So, the next morning, a police van stood beside the bus-stop on Seethamma Street. The constable got out of it, and

succeeded in making Anjali climb into the police van.

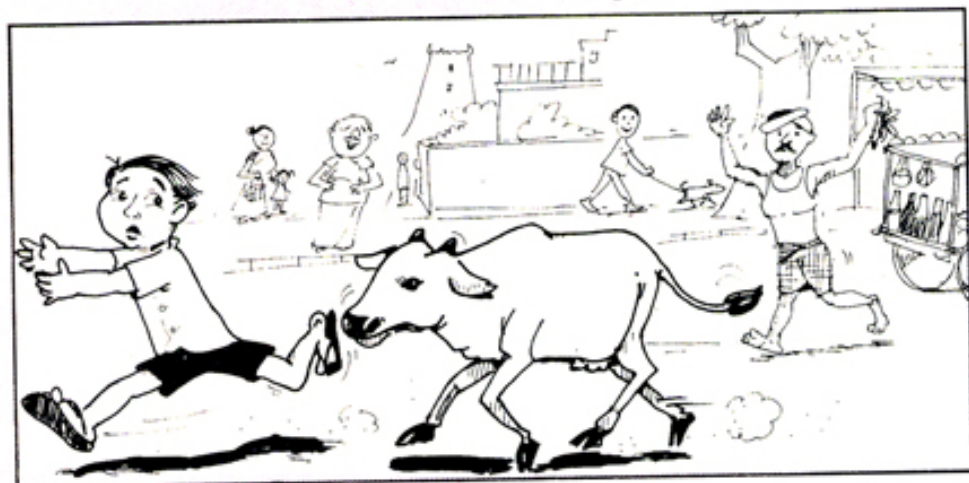
All the people of Seethamma Street were angry and aghast.

How could anyone arrest their Anjali?

The policeman was alarmed to be so unpopular.

"It's not my fault," he told them. "It's the nasty family at No. 4 who want Anjali arrested."

Anjali in jail was a funny sight. None of the



uncomfortable expression on his face. For Anjali was his friend too, and he liked her very much.

"Come on, Anjali," he coaxed the cow. "Get into the van."

Anjali who had looked at him with surprised pleasure, was even more surprised by his words.

Where was he taking her?

"Come on in," cajoled the policeman, and finally, he

policemen knew how to treat her.

She felt very sad having lost her freedom and longed for Seethamma Street.

She tried to push her nose through the prison bars, but couldn't.

"Moo," she pleaded. "Let me out."

The policemen felt so guilty and sorry to keep an innocent creature like her behind bars



for no fault of hers. So they tried to make it up to her in other ways.

Anjali got fresh grass and fruits, and the choicest hay ever found.

The citizens of Seethamma Street who came to bail Anjali out were in for a surprise.

There was Anjali behind bars, surrounded by three policemen.

"Ooh, my poor Anjali," said one, caressing her forehead. "In prison, are you? Don't worry. We are with you."

Another policeman was busy cutting up fruits into small portions and feeding them to

Anjali. And another was spreading fresh hay around.

The policemen were really sorry to see Anjali go.

"Bring her to visit us from time to time," they told the residents of Seethamma Street.

Back at home, the nasty family were having

quite a hard time of it.

Nobody had quite liked them from the beginning, and now they were really unpopular.

Finally, one day, they moved out of No. 4 to an unknown far-off place.

As the lorry holding their belongings roared out of Seethamma Street, it was Anjali who gave a sorrowful parting, "Moo!", as if to say, "I am sorry it happened this way."

The vendor hugged Anjali and whispered into her ear, "Let them go, Anjali. We all love you here!"

S. SRIDHAR

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